No. 2361.—Vol. 92. AUGUST 25, 1906

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

LONDON: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT 18 HENRIETTA STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES. See Inside.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN VALPARAISO.

Last week the South American city of Valparaiso was the scene of an earthquake as disastrous in its results as the recent eruption at San Francisco. Houses were wrecked, fires broke out in the streets, and the loss of life is estimated to be some thousands.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The King's "Cure" at Marienbad.

King Edward is living very simply during the "cure," but is allowed by Dr. Ott to have still white wine and champagne.

His Majesty takes his first glass of the water at seven o'clock in the morning, and a second glass on the promenade an hour later.

The crowds are improving in their behaviour, and are taking a less offensive interest in the King's movements. His Majesty is able to move about on the promenade now with much greater freedom.

Last Sunday the King attended a Wagner concert given by the Marienbad orchestra at the Café Bellevue. He was wearing a loose grey cape, grey hat, grey trousers, and grey gloves, and appeared to enjoy himself immensely.

He smoked almost all the time, except when drinking his coffee, into which he dipped one of the famous Marienbad fingerbreads. His Majesty was only accompanied by the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister in London.

The King and his suite attended Pontifical Mass in the Roman Catholic Church last week in honour of the Emperor Francis Joseph's birthday. His Majesty was awaited at the door by the abbot and clergy, and was conducted to a red silk-draped arm-chair at the right of the altar.

Mosquitoes' Fine Taste.

Holiday-makers who have wondered why mosquitoes bite them to distraction, while natives of pleasure resorts are left in peace, will find a satisfactory answer to the problem in the explanation of a distinguished scientist.

"It is entirely due," he said, "to the fact that the new-comer supplies them with fresh food. The visitor has been living differently and eating differently to the natives of the place. His blood is therefore either sweeter or sourer, as the case may be, and all mosquitoes, gnats, and fleas will therefore attack him because he is a change of diet for them.

"One hears a lot about the blood being inoculated against mosquito bites after a prolonged residence in the tropics. This is not really the truth. The insect simply does not fancy the blood of the old inhabitant, and leaves him alone. If a native who has lived for years on rice and vegetables should suddenly take to eating meat, he would soon be pestered with every kind of biting gnat."

A Frenchman has invented a metallic cage, enclosing an electric light, which, having been suspended from the ceiling, is subjected to an alternating current. "Mosquitoes," says the *British Medical Journal*, "are attracted by the light, and, coming in contact with the cage, are electrocuted."

Evils of Ballooning.

Amateur balloonists furnish the latest terror of New York life. The craze for aeronautics has spread to such an extent that ballooning is becoming nearly as popular as motoring, and much more of a nuisance.

Residents of Long Island, a favourite landing-place for balloonists, are discussing the formation of an anti-balloon league. Descents are made in valuable gardens, and the owners find it impossible to collect damages.

Mr. Herman Fiske, a well-known aeronaut, who is experimenting with a new form of dirigible balloon, unfortunately descended in a valuable conservatory near Riverhead (Long Island) last week, ruining £100 worth of plants and plate glass. Another aeronaut descended in the grounds of a private lunatic asylum near Manayunk, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, and created a panic among the inmates.

The ballooning nuisance is recognised by the newspapers as one of the evils of modern life. The State Legislature is urged to pass laws requiring aeronauts to pass examinations and to provide fixed rates of compensation for damage done.

A New York paper said, editorially, recently: "Just why a balloonist should be allowed to draw away honest people's washing, rip up roofs, ruin gardens, and obstruct traffic in the streets, nobody has undertaken to explain."

The reference to street traffic was inspired by the experience of an aeronaut who, accompanied by two friends, ascended from a country club near Westchester, and descended in Lexington Avenue, to the despair of chauffeurs, policemen, and tram-car drivers. Traffic was suspended for an hour until the balloon was removed.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

KING AND KAISER: After breakfasting at Friedrichshof Castle the King and the German Emperor had a prolonged conference in private, and it is surmised that this will have an important bearing on the attitude of England and Germany in the event of a Russian revolution. The picture shows the King (in a silk hat and a frock coat) and the Emperor (in uniform) driving to the castle in a motor-car.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

BAZAAR AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE: Princess Henry of Battenberg receives a bouquet on arriving to open the bazaar in the grounds of Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.

AN ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.

MYSTERIOUS EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF TREASURE.

"The island is uninhabited. It is marked on the Admiralty charts, and is seventy miles from the mainland."

This was the only description Captain Henry J. T. Grey, R.N.R., who commands the treasure ship *Xema*, would give of the mysterious island, where untold wealth in the shape of an undeveloped diamond mine is believed to await the explorers.

As a matter of fact only one or two of the forty persons composing the passengers and crew of the treasure ship have anything more than a shadowy idea of the exact location of the diamond island. The secret is held in a chart owned by Mr. William Griffith, late consulting engineer to De Beers, who will join the expedition when it reaches St. Helena.

The capital of the company is £25,000, and the shareholders include one prince, twenty peers, eight judges, and several famous authors.

"The island we are in search of was first discovered by a seaman named Powell," said Captain Grey. "He told a certain Captain Jones of its existence. Jones fitted out an expedition, found the island, and returned with the gems, which he submitted for examination to Mr. Griffith, who valued them at between £10,000 and £15,000. Mr. Griffith formed the opinion that they were from an unknown mine, as the crystallisation was entirely different from the stones obtained from Kimberley, De Beers, and other mines.

"Ten days after his return Captain Jones died. Before his death he gave to Mr. Griffith a chart locating the island. Mr. Griffith went to Tasmania, and came back to South Africa, where the war prevented him doing anything in the matter. Afterwards he was commissioned to report on coalfields in China, and then he went to Mexico and Nova Scotia. From there he returned to London, and the syndicate was formed."

Mr. Griffith, according to his agreement with Mr. E. Kenyon Collis, of Pall Mall, has promised to proceed on the *Xema* to Cape Town, or elsewhere as the board may require," and that he is to continue his search for the island with the diamond mine for six months.

This suggests a certain want of faith in the charts; but Mr. Griffith will be handsomely rewarded if he finds the island and the diamonds, for he is to take 4,000 fully-paid Ordinary shares and 5,000 Deferred shares, besides being created consulting engineer at £2,000 per annum to the syndicate.

The *Xema* is owned by Earl Fitzwilliam, but he has nothing to do with the present expedition. The ship is simply chartered by the Collis Diamond Syndicate.

The *Xema* sailed out of Barry Roads, Cardiff, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Thousands of people had gathered to witness the departure of the steamer, and as the diamond ship moved from her anchorage the cheering was enthusiastic.

A claimant for the diamonds—which, of course, have not yet been found—has appeared, and announced her intention of becoming the possessor of all the stones which may be mined.

The claimant is Mrs. Jones, of High Street, Cardiff. She declares that the Captain Jones whose chart the treasure-seekers hold, and on which they depend for the bearings of the island, was her husband, and she has in her possession some uncut diamonds which she says he brought her.

Mrs. Jones is coming to London to urge her claim to "all the diamonds discovered," but, unfortunately for her, the Captain Jones of the chart and her husband bore different Christian names.

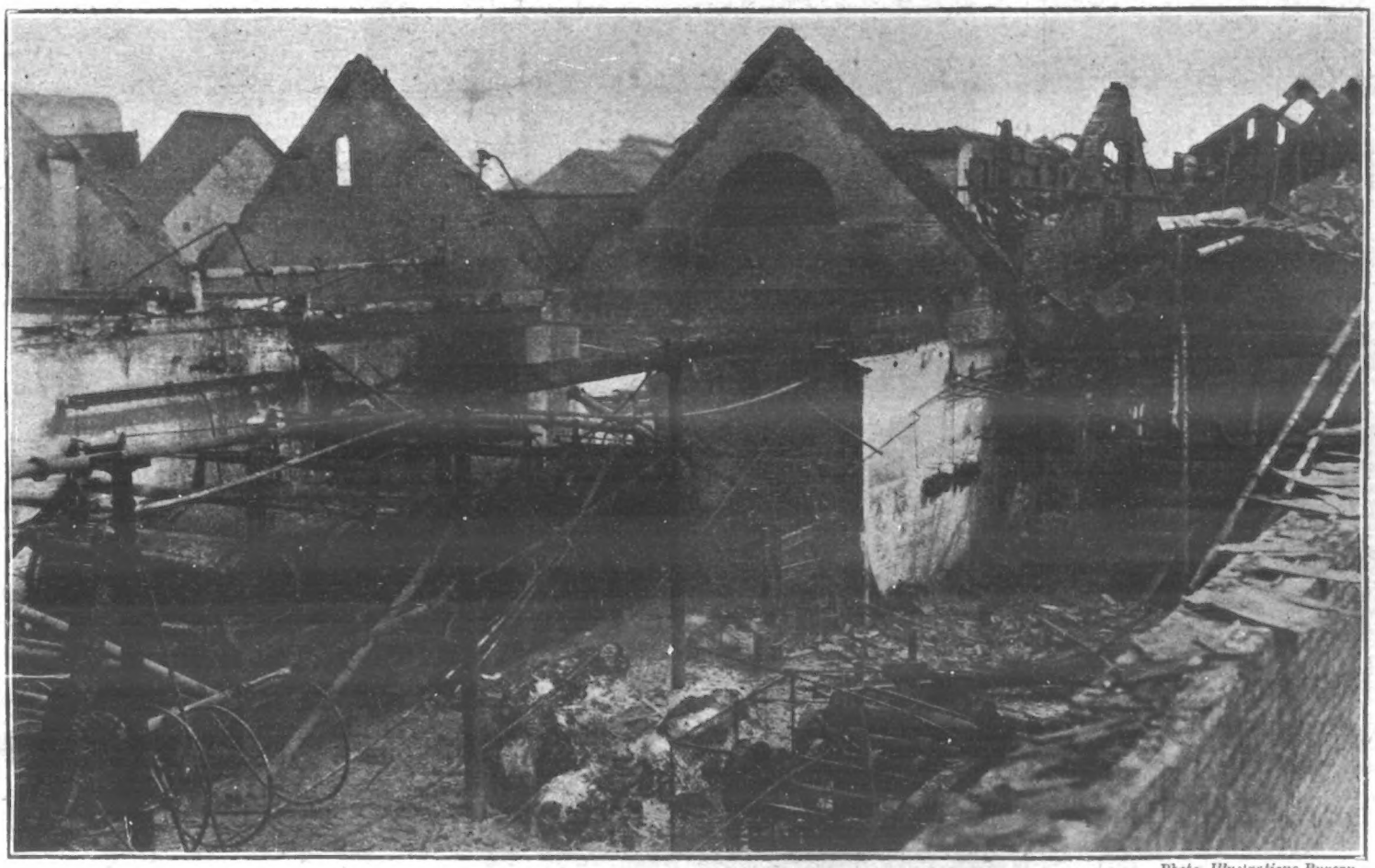
The *Xema*, which has on board an enormous quantity of mining explosives and ammunition, gas engines, pumps, boilers, sun condensers, and many other articles, has been cleared for St. Helena. It is expected that Captain Griffith, who is in South Africa completing the arrangements in connection with the mining rights, will join her there, when the sealed orders will be opened. Captain Jackson goes out as the owners' representative.

The additional 1,000 shares which were issued a few days ago, and offered to the shareholders at a premium of 5s., are all sold.

A MODERN TREASURE CRUISE.

Photos, Halftones.

A MODERN TREASURE CRUISE: Capt. Henry T. Grey, R.N.R., in the "Xema," a ship chartered by the Collis Diamond Syndicate, is to proceed to a mysterious island declared to be fabulously rich in diamonds. The island in question is stated to lie off the West Coast of Africa, "seventy miles from the mainland." The "Xema" is fitted with every appliance for diamond mining, and those who have chartered her appear very confident. Most of the crew are Naval Reserve men. Our photos show—(1) Capt. Grey in command. (2) Some of the hands at work. (3) The first and second officers on deck.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

GREAT FIRE IN KENT—PAPER MILLS BURNT AT SNODLAND: Messrs. Townshend, Hook & Co.'s paper mills at Snodland, near Maidstone, which were the second largest in the world, and covered an area of five acres, were completely destroyed by fire last week, the damage being estimated at £100,000. The mills found employment for about 300 hands, including about 80 women and boys. In order not to delay work during the week it has been the custom to execute repairs whilst the machinery was at a standstill on Sundays, and in the centre of the building a fire originated, a spark from a paraffin lamp used by the men having, it is thought, ignited the driving ropes. The men went away for breakfast, and on their return found the room in flames.

Photos, P.I.P.

MITCHAM FAIR: Mitcham enjoyed "all the fun o' the fair" last week, despite the dark threats of the authorities. The trouble that threatened arose from the fact that the conservators of Mitcham Common have recently acquired, by purchase, the charter, granted in Elizabeth's reign, to control the annual fair. The conservators said there should be no fair, the showmen arrived in swarms and said there should be one. Crowds of people flocked into the little lavender suburb to the huddled crowd of tents, merry-go-rounds, swing-boats, and cocoa-nut shies on Fair Green. It certainly seems rather dangerous to hold the fair so near the fast-travelling electric cars.

Hindus and Hyenas as Detectives.

The interest in the search for the missing Abbé Delarue is eclipsed by the rivalry between the spiritualist Hindu detectives, "Professor" Devah and "Professor" Ramanah, who are trying to find him. "Professor" Devah is indignant at the encroachment of Ramanah, and if the men meet there is likely to be a free fight to settle the question which is the better detective.

Devah, who began by sniffing the air along the roads which the missing abbé is said to have taken, has now begun to lick stones. He is certain that the spirit world has informed him of the whereabouts of the curé's dead body, and he has gone all over this ground with a pick and shovel tasting the earth here and licking stones there.

Once the occult power which moves him drew him to the bank of a stream to gaze at a floating object. The branch on which he leant broke, and he fell in. His investigations would have been concluded there and then, but for two peasants, who fished him out half-drowned.

Ramanah's methods are simpler, and entail less exertion than Devah's. He merely walks up and down the road taken by the abbé, asks particulars about his birth, and goes back to Paris to consult the stars. He says he will not tell the public what the stars have revealed until "that quack," meaning his rival, has acknowledged himself beaten.

There is also another pair of detectives in the field, M. and Mme. Flaubert, who claim to get their inspiration from flowers. They breakfast comfortably, and then wander round the lanes smelling the dog-roses, the poppies, and the wild mint. Occasionally Madame communes alone with a poppy, while her husband mutters in low tones to a wild rose which he holds in his bosom. They claim that when they get into closer communion with Nature, they will learn the abbé's whereabouts from Pan, who will indicate the place by his flute.

A Paris newspaper has borrowed a captured hyena from a showman, and is having it led about on a chain over the ground where the abbé may have been buried. The hyena has been kept on short allowance for three days to make it work keenly.

Jack Tar's Grog.

Should the British bluejacket be deprived of his spirit ration?

This question is the subject of a remarkable article in the August number of the *United Service Magazine*, issued recently by a high naval officer, who hides his identity under the nom-de-guerre of "Wardroom."

"All the world over," he says, "in England and in the Colonies, the bluejacket has long been looked on as a licensed inebriate. The jolly Jack Tar is, as it were, expected to get drunk when he goes ashore."

While this view of the bluejacket is, of course, not correct in the present day, the writer is of opinion that many reforms are necessary in the distribution of the spirit ration.

"Grog is at present served out at 12.30 p.m. practically the hottest part of the day, and after the heaviest meal," he says.

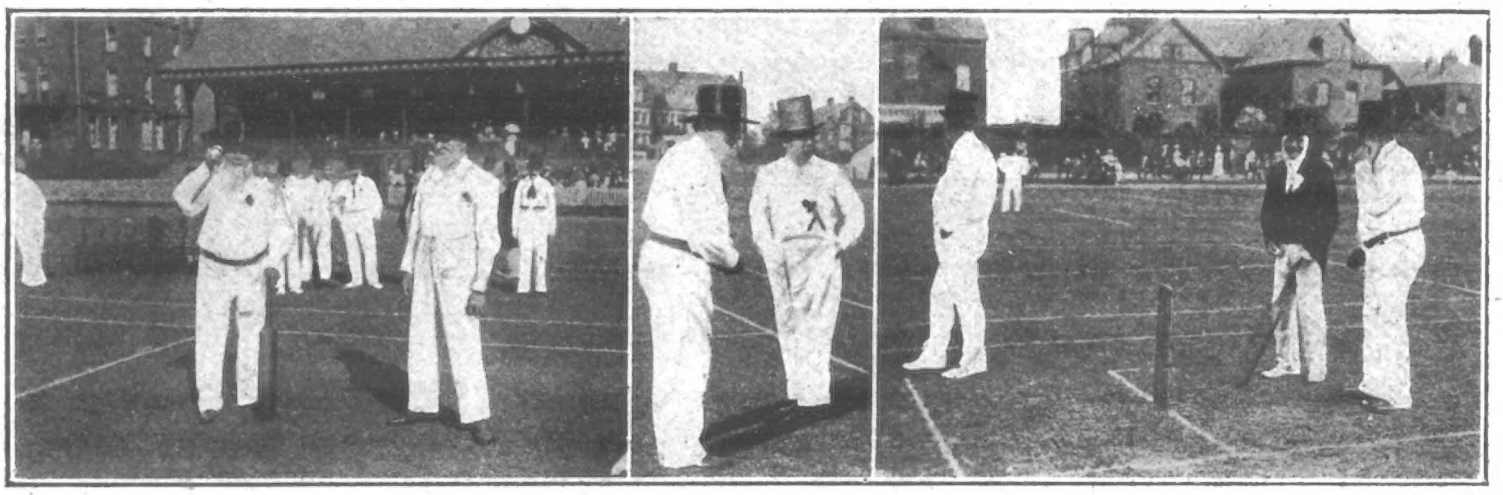
"After it has been issued the men have another half-hour or more before starting work again—it is a time of rest, of lolling about the deck, sleeping or smoking, and the result is very often a far greater degree of fuddle than is justified by the amount of spirit drunk.

"Serious crime in the Navy, especially such as striking and insubordination, occurs in the afternoon, after the issue of grog, rather than in the forenoon.

"The time of issue is not a good one, and I would suggest the supper hour as much better than the dinner hour, because after supper the men are not called on for much duty, and are therefore not worried, intentionally or otherwise, by ship's police or petty officers, and so have no reason or inclination to strike them, or to play that unsatisfactory game of 'chucking their 'ands in,' which is the lower-deck term for refusing to do any more duty."

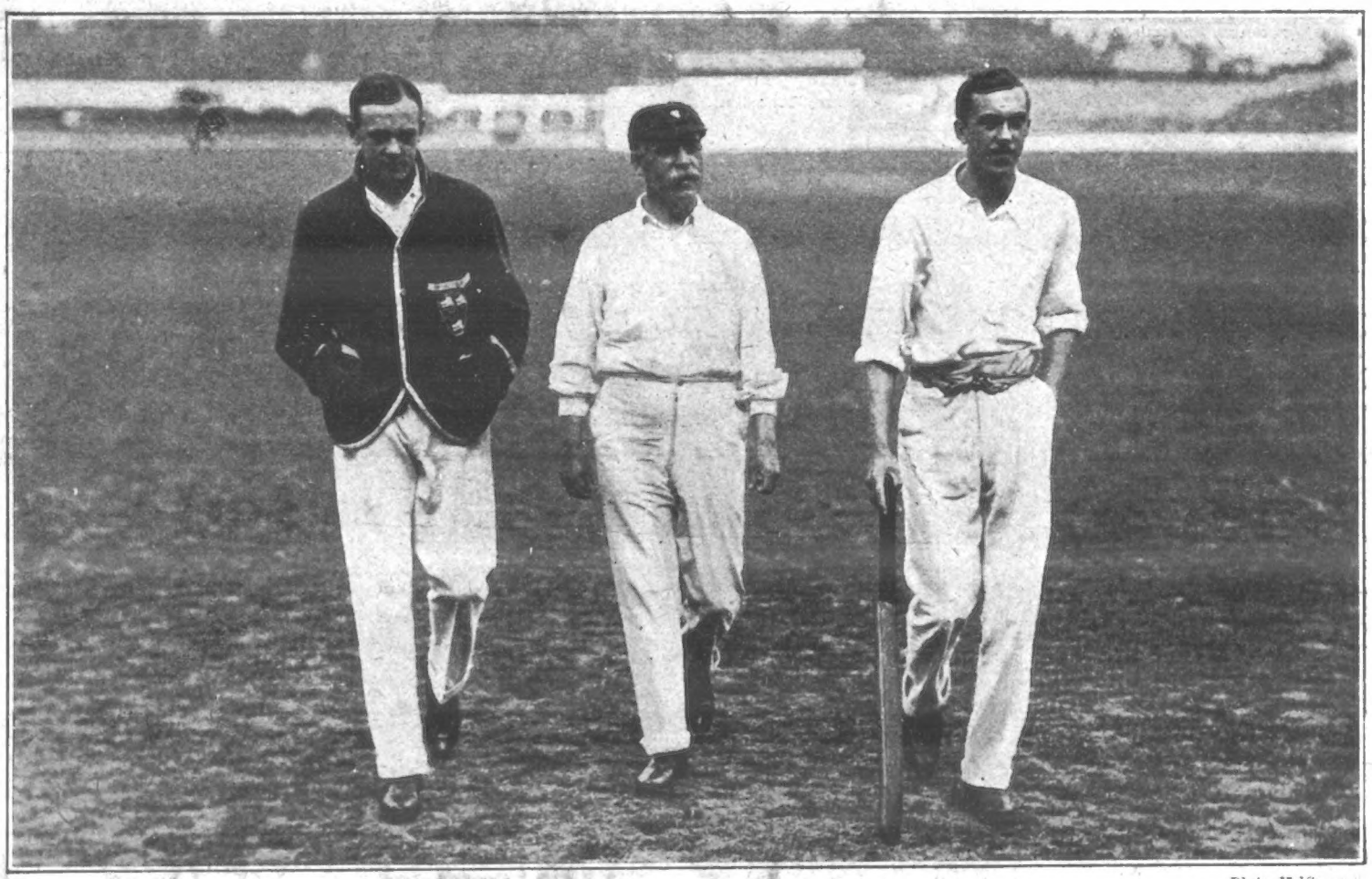
He also advocates the restriction of the ration to time spent at sea on the ground that when in harbour the men can get all the liquor they need during shore leave. He further suggests that a penny a day should be granted to bluejackets who forego the ration of grog.

CRICKET IN TOP-HATS AT YARMOUTH.



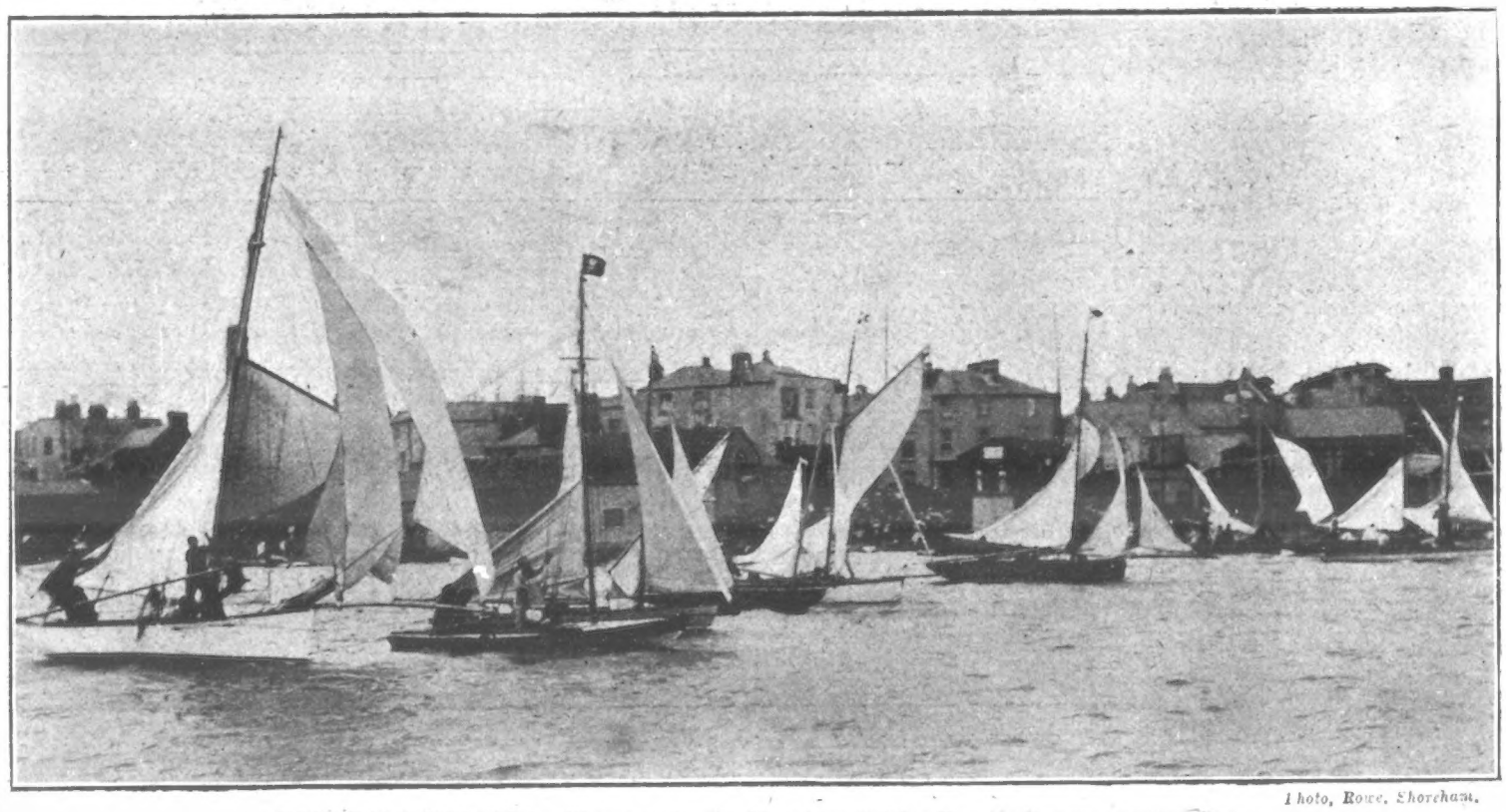
Photos, Park.

CRICKET IN TOP-HATS: Two cricket elevens in top-hats and dress-coats met at Yarmouth last week and gave a most diverting exhibition of the game. It was an old-time contest, not only in respect to the costumes, but in the manner of play and the ages of the players, all of whom were Norfolk and Suffolk veterans. The youngest player was fifty-five, the oldest seventy-five, and each umpire was eighty-six. The bowling was all under-arm, and one bowler, Captain Brasnett, performed the "hat trick." Fielding was the weak feature of the game. Our photos show: 1. The rival captains tossing. 2. Mr. Brasnett talking to the local rector, who is wearing the late Lord Palmerston's hat. 3. The Captain chats with one of the umpires.



Photo, Halftones.

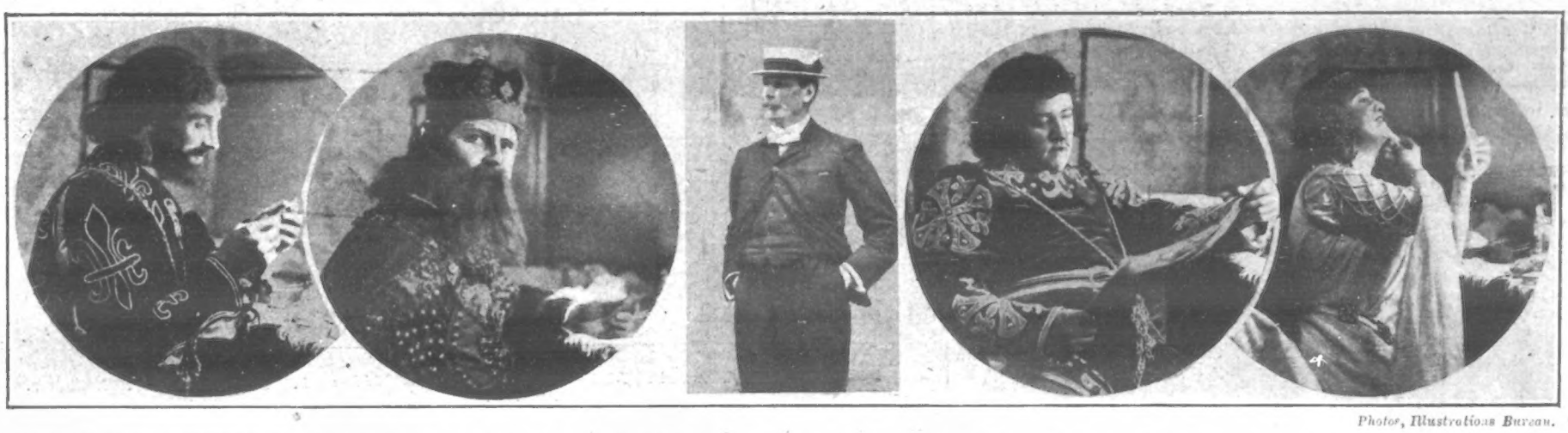
FATHER AND SONS AT CRICKET: In the match between M.C.C. and Cambridgeshire Mr. C. Pigg and his two sons played for Cambridgeshire. This is the first time that a father and two sons have been found together in County Cricket in the same match.



Photo, Rowe, Shoreham.

SHOREHAM REGATTA: The start for the Shoreham Jubilee Regatta Commemoration Cup.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE: Some unique photos of the artistes in their dressing-rooms taken before the play. 1. Mr. Lewys James. 2. Mr. Magrath. 3. Mr. Manners. 4. Mr. Wilson Pembroke. 5. Madame Moody.

A great attraction at the Hackney Empire this week is the Obersterier Troupe, the greatest Tyrolean troupe in the world. This troupe has toured all Europe with extraordinary success, winning popular favour everywhere, and they have been in great demand in the principal vaudeville houses of America. Charming Carlotta Levey, Dorothy Clarke, Lyons Trio, Cas. Vincent, "Rejected Remounts" are also attractive numbers.

The H. Roxbury Company bring their "Prince of Monte Carlo" sketch to the Holloway Empire this week. Nat Clifford pays a welcome return visit, and tells all about the Grand Hotel he stayed at a few weeks ago. Lively Lily Langtry, Gwennie Hasto, Carrie Joy, Rosa Naynon, Clarice Netta, J. H. Milburn, and Bennett and Martell, complete the bill.

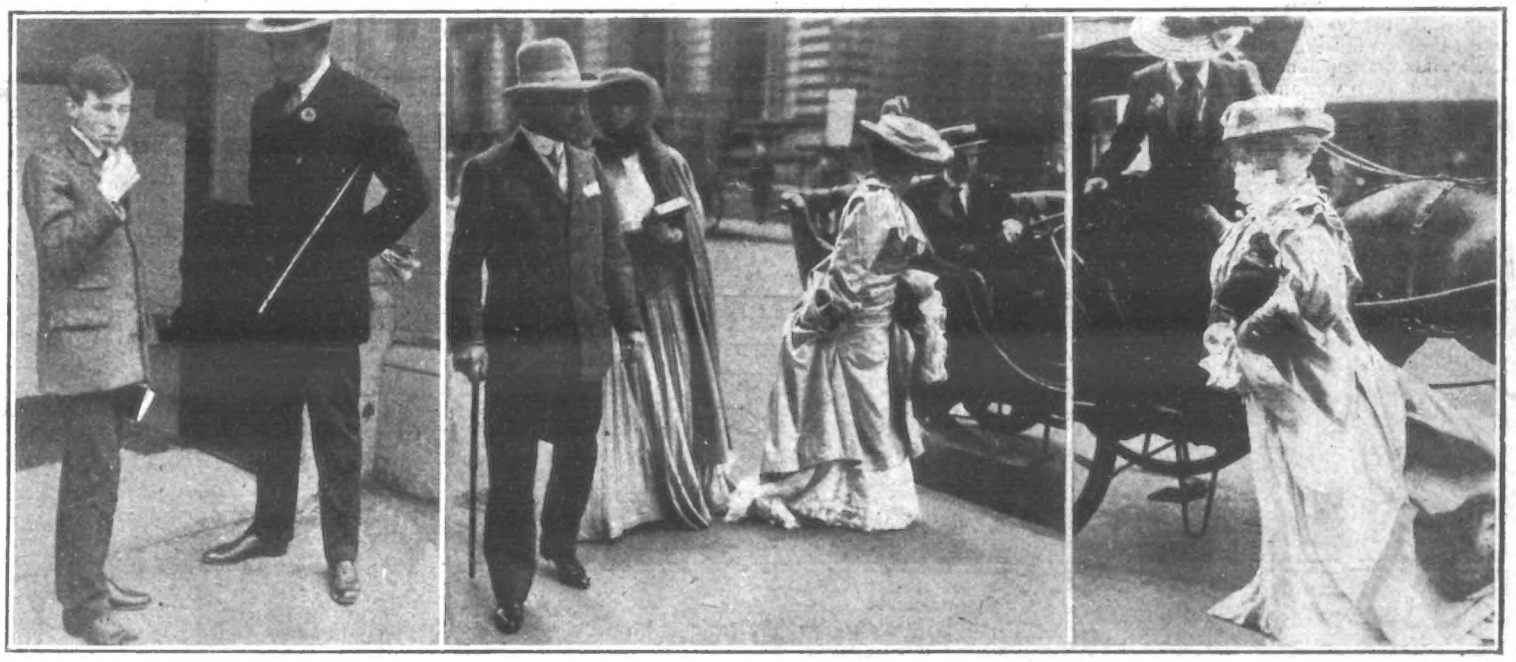
Leo Stormont is seen in a new sketch, "The Devil's Week-end," at the New Cross Empire. Mr. Stormont is a great favourite in Scotland, where his representations of "Rob Roy" always create the utmost enthusiasm. One evening, when playing this part, an amusing incident happened. When "Rob Roy" dashes up the mountain causeway to escape the English soldiery, just for a moment he passes behind a huge canvas sack. There a double is concealed, who takes the place of the actor, comes out into the open, and, with one defiant shout, plunges into the mountain stream below, and thus eludes capture. It so happened on this particular night, when Mr. Stormont dashed behind the "rock," his acrobatic understudy was missing. There was an awkward pause. "You must jump yourself, Mr. Stormont," whispered the stage manager hoarsely. The "great Leo" did jump, with disastrous results to the catching sheet, which was rent from one end to the other. It had never been anticipated that it would be required to bear more than a 10-stone fall, for the understudy was well padded. Mr. Stormont was solid flesh.

Dr. Walford Bodie opens at the Stratford Empire this week. Hypnotism is child's play to Dr. Bodie. He carries the evidence of his magnetic gifts in his face and person. Huge black eye-brows, flashing eyes, and firmly-set lips show that he is a man of tremendous will-power, and of the knowledge how to use it. Since the time of the Abbe Faria, there has probably never been a stage hypnotist more striking or more convincing. Griff, Nelson's Newsboys, the Mackweys, Jack Lorrimer, Max Yorke's Dogs, and the Mayvilles are in the bill likewise.

By arrangement with Messrs. Shubert, Mr. Walter N. Lawrence will present on Monday, September 3rd, at the Waldorf Theatre, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," a farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris.

The following is the cast:

Jack Temple: Mr. Allan Aynesworth.
Frank Fuller: Mr. William Morris.
Wigsen: Mr. William Cheeseman.
Captain Sharp: Mr. Rudge Harding.
A Hairdresser: Mr. Frank Collins.
Mrs. Jack Temple: Miss Sybil Carlisle.
Mrs. Frank Fuller: Miss Constance Hyem.
Dorothy (Mrs. Temple's sister): Miss Dido Drake.
Martha (the Hairdresser's Wife): Miss Frances Wetherall.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

PREPARING FOR THE THEATRICAL SEASON AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: 1. Mr. Lyn Harding chats with the call-boy during a wait. 2. Mr. Somerset and Miss Viola Tree; Mrs. Tree talking to Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm in the motor-car. 3. Miss Ellen Terry arrives.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

PREPARING FOR THE THEATRICAL SEASON AT THE GAIETY THEATRE: 1. Mr. George Grossmith, jun., talking to Mr. Cathcart, the stage manager. 2. Miss Kitty Mason. 3. Mr. Harry Grattan and his wife arriving at the theatre. 4. Miss Connie Ediss waiting for her brougham.

Photos, P.I.P.

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS MEET AT EXFORD: 1. The pack. 2. The Master (Mr. Saunders), Mrs. Saunders and their little son. 3. At the meet in Exford.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

A writer in a contemporary touches upon the question of the importation of players, passes rather severe strictures upon the Middlesex County Club, and makes a very deserving and gentlemanly player, as well as a sporting side, the subject of his attack. The player referred to is the South African, Vogler, who is qualifying for the county named, according to the laws sanctioned by the ruling body of cricket. The writer further states that it is Kent who will bring before the Advisory Committee the desirability of extending the qualifying period to, say, three, or even four, years.

I am at one with the writer when he speaks of the desirability of relying upon home-grown talent, but there are times when the garden contains nothing but weeds. I do not for one moment suppose that there is a county committee in existence who would not rather play the home product than the imported article—but they can't always get it, so that, unless the side is to fade into insignificance, they are perforce obliged to look beyond their borders for some players to stiffen the side and keep it from being obliterated.

Nobody would more strongly object to the wholesale importation of Colonials than myself, but why Kent should object to Middlesex qualifying Vogler passes my comprehension. Also, I really do not understand why Middlesex should be singled out by Kent for special censure. That is also a matter which is passing strange. I am of opinion that, beyond Yorkshire and Notts, there is not a county which does not play imported players. Besides, Kent and Middlesex are such excellent friends that perhaps my contemporary is labouring under a delusion as to the real intentions of the hop county.

The County Championship positions underwent a really startling change last week-end. The transformation was caused by Lancashire, who, by beating Surrey, caused the metropolitan county to drop from first to third place. The northern county had been playing so very indifferently that a defeat for the Oval side was not considered likely, and, as the result of an innings apiece, the Lancastrians were actually eighty one runs to the bad.

However, the southerners went all to pieces at their second attempt, and the top scores in an innings of 143 was made by Hayes and Strudwick, whose contributions only amounted to thirty-two each. Some mistakes in the field did not do Surrey any good when Lancashire batted a second time. R. H. Spooner was missed before he had scored, and his ninety-two went far in determining the result. In the end the visitors won by six wickets.

Photos P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES—THE WEST INDIANS: 1. S. Smith. 2. O. H. Layne. 3. C. P. Cumberbatch.

Yorkshire scored a capital win over Warwickshire by an innings and ninety-one runs, the game being marked by low scoring throughout. At their first attempt the midland county could only muster 79, and they did very little better in their second innings with 86. The champions made 255, and no less that 225 of them were scored by Tunnicliffe (sixty-two), Denton (ninety-five), and Hirst (sixty-eight). The Yorkshire bowlers had a rare good time, Hirst taking six wickets for forty-eight, Myers three for thirty-seven, Rhodes five for forty, and Haigh four for nineteen.

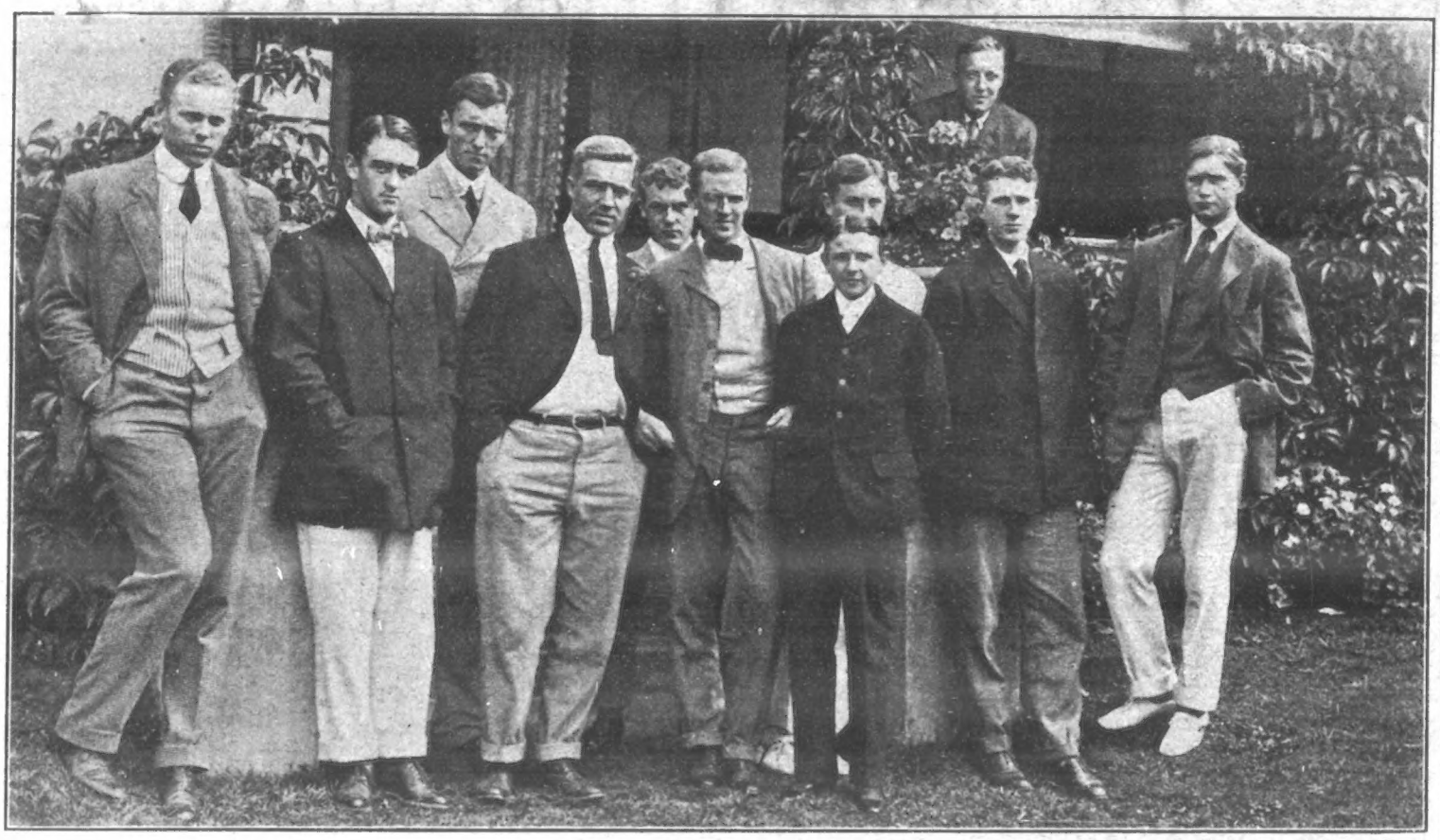
Notts gained a really splendid victory over Middlesex at Trent Bridge, the margin in favour of the lace county being five wickets. Bad fielding by the visitors was the principal cause of their downfall, but every praise must be given to Iremonger for a grand innings of exactly 100, and a capital seventy-one by A. O. Jones. On the Middlesex side Albert Trott played a stylish and correct innings of fifty-five in the first innings, and when the Lord's team batted a second time, P. F. Warner and R. V. Buxton batted well for sixty and sixty-three respectively.

Kent gained a great victory over Somersetshire, and, should it be their lot to win the championship for the first time, it would meet with the approbation of every lover of the game. Certainly they deserve some recognition for their excellent all-round form this season, and what more fitting reward for what is probably the best side now playing? The pity of it is that Kent cannot call upon some of their best players until late in the season.

Against Somersetshire they opened well with a first innings of 274, and then got their opponents out for 107. Kent did not avail themselves of the follow on rule, but went in a second time, and scored 358 for five wickets and declared. Of that number C. J. Burnup, who had batted well in the first innings for seventy-three, played in brilliant form for 169, and was not out when the declaration was made. The westerners slightly improved upon their first attempt, but they could only muster 171, and were beaten by 354 runs.

Hampshire quite out-played Worcestershire at Portsmouth, and beat them by 131 runs. There were some useful scores on both sides, the best for Hampshire being seventy-four by Captain Barrett, seventy-one by Bowell, sixty-four by Mead, and eighty by Llewellyn. The best efforts for the losers were fifty-five by Pearson, and fifty-three by Arnold, both in the second innings. It was some consolation to the West Indians to beat Northamptonshire, for they have certainly not covered themselves with glory during their tour. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that they have admittedly come here to learn, and they will probably do better next time.

The amateur team for New Zealand is now practically complete, and will sail in the *Corinthic* on October 18. The tour is controlled by the M.C.C., and some fifteen games will be played, the programme being arranged by the New Zealand Association. Moss goes out as umpire, and the fourteen players will be as follows: C. E. de Trafford, Captain E. G. Wynyard, G. H. Simpson-Hayward, P. R. Johnson, G. T. Branston, W. J. H. Curwen, P. R. May, W. P. Harrison, jun., R. H. Fox, C. C. Page, A. A. Torrens, N. C. Tufnell, W. B. Burns, and (probably) J. W. H. T. Douglas.



Photo, Baker & Muggeridge.

WILL THEY BEAT CAMBRIDGE? THE HARVARD TEAM: America's finest oarsmen who are now practising for the great race with Cambridge University on the River Thames.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES—THE WEST INDIANS: 1. G. C. Lamond. 2. H. B. G. Austin. 3. A. E. Hanagin.

SWIMMING.

Another attempt to swim the Channel has failed, the Yorkshireman, Burgess, being again beaten by the weather conditions last Saturday, and we appear as far off emulating Captain Webb's performance as ever. The many abortive attempts lead one to the conclusion that a very big slice of luck is necessary to get across from Dover to Calais. The swimmer who tries to cross in one tide beats himself, and the individual who conserves his strength is beaten by the ebb tide. Still, one cannot help admiring the perseverance of those who have been essaying the feat.

LAWN TENNIS.

Many famous players took part in the East of England championships at Felixstowe. That splendid, all-round athlete, H. Roper-Barrett, retained his hold on the Gentlemen's Singles Championship, G. W. Hillyard being beaten by three sets to love in the final. The latter got some consolation inasmuch as he, with Miss D. K. Douglass as partner, won the Mixed Doubles Championship from Barrett and Miss Morton. Miss Douglass also took the Ladies' Singles, Miss C. M. Wilson, her opponent, retiring at 14-14.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

August is on the wane, and it won't be long before the cinder path and the cycling track will be deserted, and the cross-country packs scurrying across plough and fallow. Well, everything in its turn, and the changes in the seasons make for the good of the game. Only those who have gone through a hard season's training know the fag of it, and the relief which the illegitimate season brings to the athlete, already stale from strenuous work. Be it understood by all who read these lines that the adjective used is not meant as an opprobrious epithet.

(*Continued on Page 122.*)

Cycles.—5,000 Guaranteed Machines. B.S.A. and Eadie's. New and Second-hand from 25s. Accessories half-price. Send for 60-page Catalogue free. Wholesale prices. Eye-opener to all. 50 per cent. cheaper than others. Agents wanted.—Warrilow & Co., Weston-Super-Mare.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT VALPARAISO.

STRIKING SNAP-SHOTS OF A FORMER DISASTER IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CITY.

Valparaiso, which has now been destroyed by earthquake and tidal waves, was only quite recently the scene of a similar disaster on a smaller scale. Our photo shows a scene in the main street, which was submerged, many buildings being destroyed.

Stories of the Disaster.

Although the Chilian authorities are working energetically to cope with the distress in the earthquake area, utter confusion still reigns in Valparaiso and neighbouring towns.

A partial summary has been made of the damage done in Valparaiso. The Customs building, the most imposing structure fronting the harbour, is badly cracked, and will probably have to be rebuilt. The town hall is uninjured.

Victoria Street is filled with *débris*, and not a building in the street escaped damage. The churches of the Holy Spirit and St. Michael were ruined, and in the former some forty worshippers were injured. There are great fissures in the Almendral district and in the Calle Brazil, the latter thoroughfare being a heap of ruins.

Many monuments in the cemetery here have been destroyed by the earthquake. Twenty deaths have been caused by panic.

The prisoners in the gaol were singing a hymn when the catastrophe occurred. The walls fell and buried 140 of them.

Owing to the panic which occurred in the churches during the earthquake, Masses will be celebrated in the open air.

Crusoe's Island Disappears.

A telegram from Lima (Peru) states that the island of Juan Fernandez, off the Chilian coast, is reported to have disappeared in consequence of the heavy tidal wave which followed the earthquake.

The news was brought to the mainland by the captain of a steamer. The island of Juan Fernandez, known as "Robinson Crusoe's Island," is about 150 miles from the coast of Chili, and is thirteen miles long by four miles wide. A Chilian settlement of about forty huts existed for some years on one side of the island.

The island was first discovered by Juan Fernandez, a Spanish pilot, in 1563. Alexander Selkirk, the son of a Scotch shoe-maker, who ran away to sea at the age of nineteen, was put ashore on the island in 1704, after quarrelling with the captain of his ship, the *Cinque Ports*. He remained there for nearly five years in what he described as "pleasant exile."

On returning to England, Selkirk was visited by Daniel Defoe, who journeyed from London to Bristol for the express purpose of seeing him. Selkirk placed all his papers in Defoe's hands, and the story of Robinson Crusoe was the result.

The island was frequently visited in late years, and in 1868 the officers of H.M.S. *Topaze* erected a tablet in memory of Selkirk near the summit of the hill where he watched for passing ships.

This photograph gives an interesting panoramic view of the centre of the city, which has suffered very severely in the present earthquake.

A photograph showing the terrible havoc done to buildings in the unlucky city of Valparaiso during the previous disaster.

Photo, Dover Street Studios.

"AMĀSIS" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Miss Madge Vincent as Natis.

Photo, Dover Street Studios.

"AMĀSIS" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Mr. Rutland Barrington as King Pharaoh.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Bathing Cloaks.

Some of the best seaside places for bathing have a long expanse of sand or beach to be covered before the water is reached. Under such circumstances a bathing cloak is very welcome, more especially on a somewhat cold day, to avoid becoming chilled before entering the water. Black alpaca is considered to make a very smart wrap for bathers, and it is certainly a new departure, since white, red, and blue have for long been favourite wear in connection with the wild waves. For real warmth blue or scarlet serge is better than alpaca, and it has this advantage in a strong wind, that it is heavier in make and therefore keeps down better. It is not pleasant to have one's bathing costume suddenly whirled around one's head in voluminous folds by a sudden gust of wind, nor scarcely less pleasant to have it suddenly inflated round one's form like the sides of a balloon. Although the simple elegance of black alpaca trimmed with a little braid cannot be disputed, still there is something about the vivid colouring of blue and scarlet which always seems to be "in the picture" by the sea. The yellow beach, the blue sky, the blue water, or for that matter the leaden sky and the grey water all seem to demand a bright note of colour

Holiday Packing.

When packing the trunks for a holiday a few articles indispensable for emergencies should always be included. A hot-water bottle in case of chill or illness, a small medicine chest with a few simple remedies for ordinary ailments, a pair of blankets in case of insufficient bed clothing, so often a source of discomfort at sea-side lodgings when there is a sudden change of weather. A couple of cushions, too, will add much to the general comfort, and are useful for deck-chairs and for sitting on the beach. If there are children to be taken in the general exodus, a few toys for rainy days will give them pleasure. Supposing them to be hidden in the trunk and not brought out until the proper time comes, they will prove a delightful surprise to the little ones, besides relieving the worried nurse or mother of the problem of amusing and keeping them quiet in the restricted area of seaside or country apartments.

The Gauntlet Cuff.

Cuffs will be made a very important feature of all the new autumn models, and this whether they are exemplified on blouses or coats. Coats with elbow sleeves will boast gauntlet cuffs having three revers, or bias folds laid one over the other to simulate three separate cuffs. Blouses will achieve a similar effect by means of lace or other trimming. Picturesque hats, though not necessarily large ones, will certainly be worn during the coming months, and there are signs that brown will be a popular colour.

Some Troubles of the Little Stranger.

Inflammation of the outer eye coat is very common. It will be known by redness of the lid edges, and by a more or less bloodshot surface of the eyes. Many practitioners recommend such strong curative agents as saturated boric acid solution. I cannot endorse this plan. My objection is not concerned with the utility of the remedy, but with the pain to which it gives rise.

We shall gain satisfactory results from washing the eyes in a 10 per cent. solution of the official glycerine of boric acid. In this regard I wish to point out that, while such a lotion is fairly strong as a means for killing the bacteria present, and is quite harmless, we ought not to make its use a substitute for two very simple and quite common-sense measures—protection from light and cleanliness.

Even when a child is born with perfectly healthy eyes the latter are extremely sensitive to light, whether this proceeds from the sun or other source. When the eyes are inflamed that sensitiveness is greatly increased. Hence it must be an unbreakable rule to shield the eyes from glare; and when inflammation is present the shielding must be carried to the extent of keeping the little one in a darkened room until the eye troubles have passed.

By common cleanliness is meant the practice of washing the eyes. This should be carried out with cool water that has been boiled. A small sponge is the best medium. Above all things it must be kept in mind that to apply soapy water to or near the eyes is an act of cruelty, stamping the offender as utterly unfit to have the care of a babe. Yet the offence is by no means rare.

One of the earliest duties of the attendant is to cleanse the child's mouth. This should be done almost immediately after birth. Neglect of the simple duty may occasion choking or failure of breathing.

Cleansing the mouth may be easily effected by wrapping a piece of handkerchief or gauze about one finger, and sweeping it round the mouth interior.

English and French Figures.

Now is the time to obtain pretty light shirts for home afternoon wear and evening wear in the winter. Charming voile shirts in white and crushed strawberry colour can be obtained ready made up and lined silk for a guinea and a-half. There are also many other shirts in light soft draping materials to be sold at equally tempting prices. Very pretty little silk boleros in black will also shortly prove very useful for early autumn wear. Tweed coats may soon be invested in, and there is every sign that long coats will again be popular. Paris has also sent over some little coats of hip length, but it is doubtful if they will prove as becoming to the English as to the French figure.

Cultivate a Good Carriage.

Much of the beauty of Englishwomen lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads. The aristocratic carriage is within the reach of any girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of vigilance, never relaxing her watchfulness over herself, and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and pose, the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never afterwards loses it.

The Ring Women Love.

The custom of wearing the wedding-ring is so old that its origin is lost in obscurity. Long before the Christian era, the Jews used the ring to unite couples in marriage. The probable idea of the ring was that, having no end, it proclaimed the love of the partners to be everlasting. Although it is usual nowadays to wear the ring on the third finger of the left hand, it was not always customary to do so. There is a legend to the effect that a nerve runs direct from that finger to the heart. In the sixteenth century wedding-rings were made with a motto inscribed inside, and Shakespeare refers to them in two or three of his plays.

Handy Garden Implements.

While watching a gardener tidying up some borders, I was struck by the usefulness of two of his implements, evidently home-manufactured, from their absurdly simple design, although they proved most serviceable for the particular work required of them.

A broom-handle with a long nail at its base was used as a spud for picking up stray leaves and withered fragments which had fallen on the flower-beds. The man was saved the trouble of stooping continually, he had only to prod about leaves and the dead were transfixed until the nail was filled up, when the collection could be transferred to a barrow.

His other invention was a tiny twig brush—just like a saucepan brush, which, by the way, would admirably serve the same purpose. After mowing the lawn, the man went round each flower-border (still filled with pretty blooms) and carefully swept up with this baby broom all the grass which had fallen amongst the plants from the edge of the turf; he brushed the little heap into one corner, and then gathered it up with his hands and conveyed it away. By this simple device no flowers were injured, and no grass or weed heads were left to cast their seed upon the orderly borders.

Just the Difference Between French and English.

Some years ago, at Boulogne, during a Royal reception, some English ladies were so anxious to see everything that they pressed forward till the line of soldiers who were keeping the route was forced to give way. The officer in command, seeing that his men were, as our police say, "hindered in the execution of their duty," called out: "One roll of the drum, then, if they don't stand back, kiss them all."

The drum was hardly heard when all the ladies had retreated.

A Paris journal, commenting on the incident, remarked: "Had they been French, they would have remained to a woman."

How Mr. Chamberlain met his Wife.

The history of how famous people chance to meet and be married is always interesting. Mr. Chamberlain, the story goes, met his American wife in this wise:

One day he called on a lady who was giving a girls' luncheon, and one of the guests had not turned up.

"If you are not afraid of a party of girls, and want to take pot luck, why, you are welcome to lunch," said the lady.

Mr. Chamberlain accepted, and found himself the only man present, and seated next to Miss Endicott, daughter of the then Secretary of War for the United States.

This was his introduction to his future wife.

What Should My Height Be?

Here is what an expert says on the subject:

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the right foot. The face from the point where the hair starts on the brow to the end of the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the tip of the middle finger, is also one-tenth of the height of the figure. From the crown of the head to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth of the total height.

These are the *correct* proportions, but no fair damsel need trouble herself if they are not exactly hers, for probably not one person in a hundred will be a bit the wiser, and to the person who loves her best her height, whatever it is, is sure to be exactly right.

Photo, Hana.

A POPULAR ACTOR'S FAMILY: Mrs. Bransby Williams and her children.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. Adler, the great Yiddish actor, who has just finished a most successful week's playing in the East End, is a native of Russia, and fifty-one years old. He is a handsome man, with a massive face, large brown eyes, and silvery-grey hair. He possesses in a great degree the personal fascination of the intellectual cosmopolitan Jew, and the expressions of his mobile features add to the charm of his conversation. He began life as a reporter on a newspaper in Odessa, and then became a Customs officer at that port; but he confesses to an early craving for the stage. There is an element of romance in the manner in which he became associated with his present profession.

"My grandparents were connected with the stage, and I was always fond of attending the theatre," he said to an interviewer. "We Jews in Russia, at that time, used to have performances in cellars, and I took part in them. Then I met at a theatre a beautiful young actress, Miss Oberlander, and began to like her. I made her presents, and eventually she told me that my appearance would make me a great success as a lover. I was diffident at first, because my education was defective; but I remembered that Koselsky, the great Russian tragedian, was a man of no learning, and determined to make the venture.

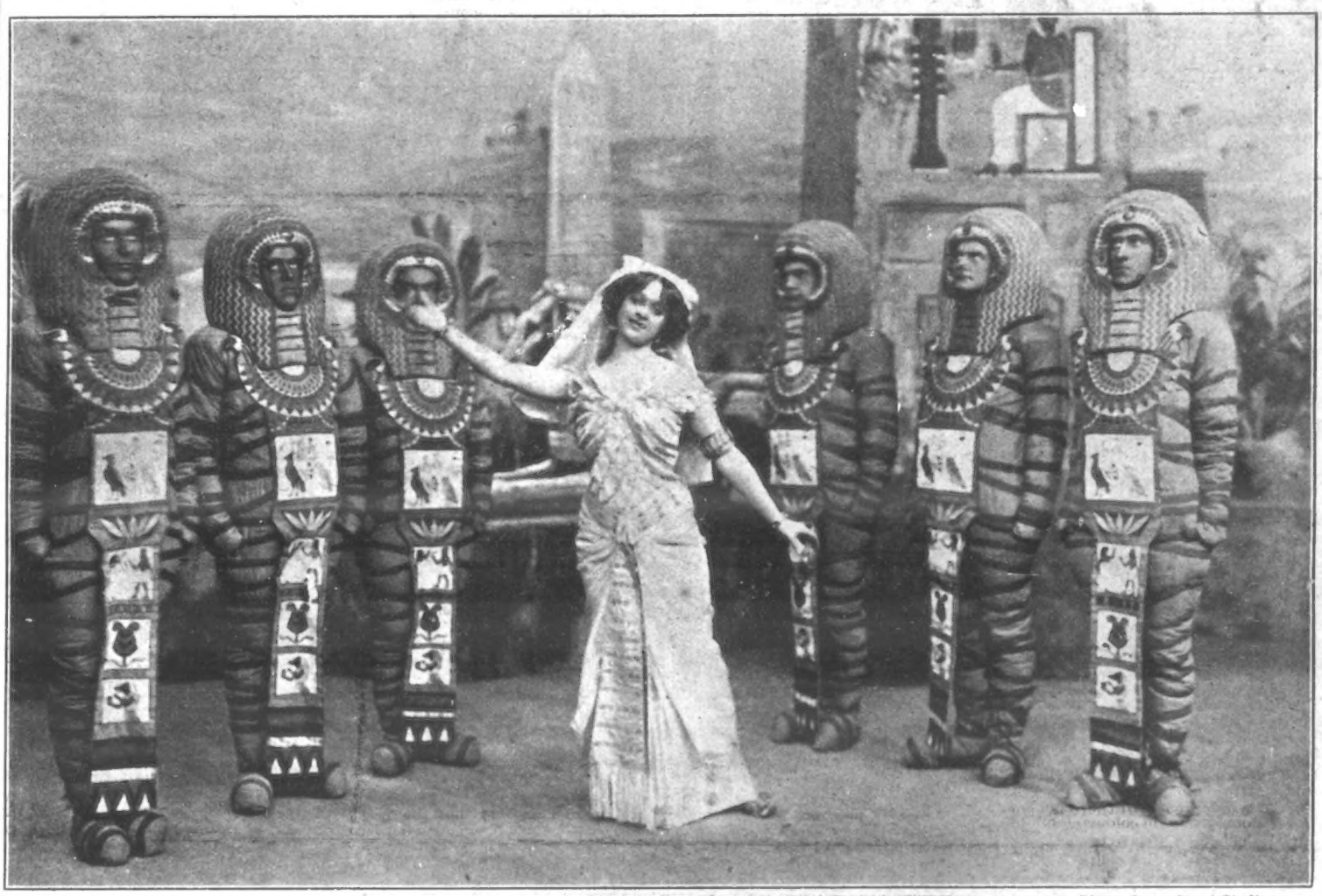
"Miss Oberland and I formed a company, and went from town to town giving performances. We gave plays by the best writers of that time, and began to win success. We were in a very good position when suddenly the Minister of the Interior issued an order forbidding us to play in Russia. I went to St. Petersburg and begged him to allow us to continue, but he refused. Then we came to London, and with a prominent actor named Karp, a Miss Higmoditz, and Mr. and Mrs. Gradner, organised a company, which performed in a Jewish national theatre in Holborn. That was twenty-two years ago.

"All the prominent Jews came to that theatre, and Lord Rothschild paid £20 for a box. We did not succeed financially, though, and for three years I played in little clubs in the East End. After that I went to America, where I have been ever since, with the exception of short visits to Europe. In New York I have my own theatre, 'J. P. Adler's Grand Theatre,' built for the Jews by a very rich man. I open the season there this month."

I hear from Llandudno that Mr. Edward Terry has started his annual provincial tour with a revival at that beautiful town's Prince's Theatre of Pinero's romance of the Temple, "Sweet Lavender," says a writer in *M.A.P.* Although Mr. Terry, at the time he was fitted with the part of the tippling barrister, Dick Phenyl, had arrived at the fulness of success, and was popular for his interpretation of a score of favourite characters, it is with the eccentricities of this lovable old enemy to self that we prefer to associate his name when thinking of the actor's achievements in connection with the higher departments of comedy. Mr. Terry has always had a great fancy for punctuating his fun with tears. He had not much of a chance of practising this fancy at the Gaiety Theatre.

Last week a most interesting performance was given at Elstree of a new pastoral play for children, entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree," written and composed by Major Philip Trevor. The idea of the play is that the child owner of a forest gives a garden-party, and invites all her young friends to come in fancy-dress costume. They then discover a piece of parchment which tells them that Robin Hood and Maid Marian have been buried alive in a certain tree. Of course they bring the forest lovers to life, but Robin and Marian do not like the new England, and the new type of people, and ask to be immured again. Altogether, one of the most charming children's plays imaginable, and beautifully costumed by Clarkson. Little Miss Dorothy Trevor is a born actress, and spoke American like a real U.S. citizen.

THE JEWISH IRVING SOME INTERESTING PHOTOS OF A GREAT YIDDISH ACTOR: Mr. Jacob P. Adler, the "Jewish Irving," in a series of plays in Yiddish at the Pavilion Theatre in the Mile End Road. 1. Madam Adler as Judith in the play "Uriel Acosta." 2. Mr. Adler as Solomon in the madhouse scene in the play "Solomon the Wise." 3. Inset is Mr. Adler (Solomon) and Madam Zwiebel (Janet) in the play "Solomon the Wise." 4. Mr. Jacob P. Adler



Photo, Dover Street Studios.

"AMĀSIS" AT THE NEW THEATRE: Miss Madge Vincent as "Natis" with her mummy guard.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE": A pretty pastoral play, written and composed by Major Philip Trevor, was performed by children at Elstree, Herts, last week. Further particulars appear on this page.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

(*Continued from page* 118.)

Another record gone by the board, and that one that appeared least likely to be beaten. At the meeting of the Bath Cycling Club, A. T. Yeomans, of Swansea, won the one mile walking handicap from scratch in the splendid time of 6min. 19 3-5sec., this being the best ever accomplished by either amateur or professional in any quarter of the globe. The previous best by a professional was the 6min. 23sec. by W. Perkins, at Lillie Bridge in 1874, and G. E. Larner's 6min. 26sec., made at Brighton in 1904, was the fastest time ever accomplished by an amateur up till last Saturday.

In all cases where a record is broken it is desirable, in the interest of sport, that the time should be above suspicion, the distance verified by competent judges, and, more than all in the case of a walking record, that the man's mode of progression should have been carefully scrutinised by experts. So far as I can learn, there is no doubt as to the genuineness of the Swansea wonder's performance, for the standing of the Bath Club is too high for them to leave anything to chance.

At the same meeting, Ernest Payne, the Worcester cyclist, scored his third successive win in the Tempest Cup, a half-mile scratch race, and so made the handsome trophy, valued at 60 guineas, his own property. The Blackheath Harrier, A. H. Healey, won the hurdles, and C. B. Kingsbury won the five miles scratch cycle race for the Bath 100 guineas challenge prize. A one mile bicycle handicap was won by Gilbert Maggs, of the promoting club.

Perhaps very few know the reason why the big race of the Anerley Bicycle Club, the 100 miles challenge cup, is called "Fry's 100." To those who are interested in the matter, I may state that the trophy was presented by the late Mr. R. H. Fry, who was one of the best friends the club ever had. The race is a handicap, and was won last Saturday by R. O. Mitchell, who, though beaten by a little over eight miles—the three competitors starting together—won through his handicap allowance of 30min.

The best performance in the race was that of J. Draper, who compassed the distance in 3hr. 11min. 9 4-5sec., and came very near to beating the record. The other starter, H. Purvis, was in receipt of 20min. start, and, as will have been gathered, he was the outsider of the trio, and finished third.

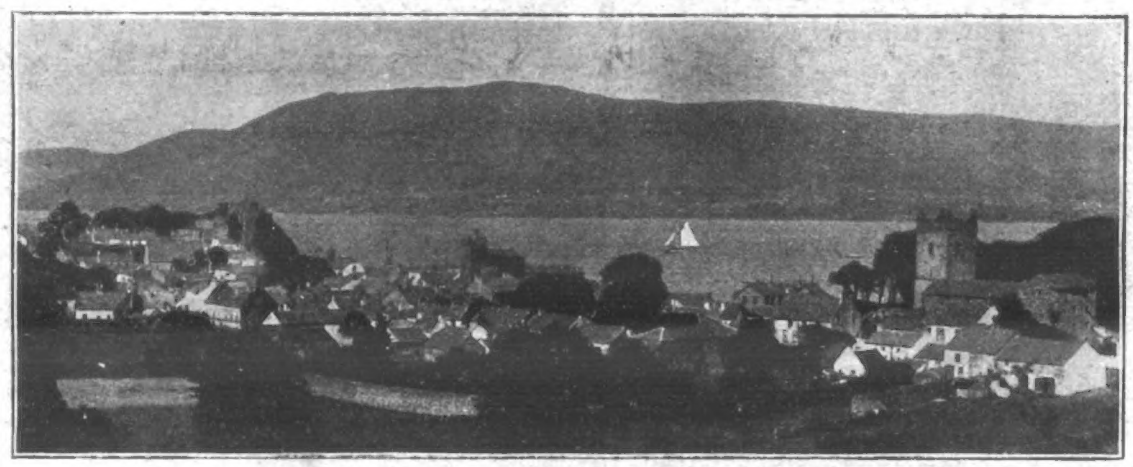
The Liverpool Cycling Championships drew a big crowd to New Brighton. J. S. Benyon, the latest addition of note, to the professional ranks, won a quarter-mile cycle match against Sid Jenkins, of Cardiff, in 35 3-5sec., and in an amateur one mile tandem match, Sherratt and Clarke, of Wigan, beat Keegan and Norman, of Liverpool, in 2min. 16 2-5sec. In the fifty miles N.C.U. (Liverpool Centre) championship, T. Sherratt, of Wigan, was first man home, with R. Jolley, East Liverpool Wheelers (holder), second, and W. Johnston, Wigan, third. The winner had five lengths to spare when he crossed the line, and his time was 1hr. 59min.

The Tottenham Hospital Sports were held, as usual, on the "Hotspur" ground at White Hart Lane. The 100 yards open handicap was won by G. A. Hawkins of the Polytechnic Harriers, the two miles open walking handicap fell to A. Cruse, G. S. Dearling of the Polytechnic H. won the 300 yards, and C. S. Long of the Finchley H. secured the open mile run.

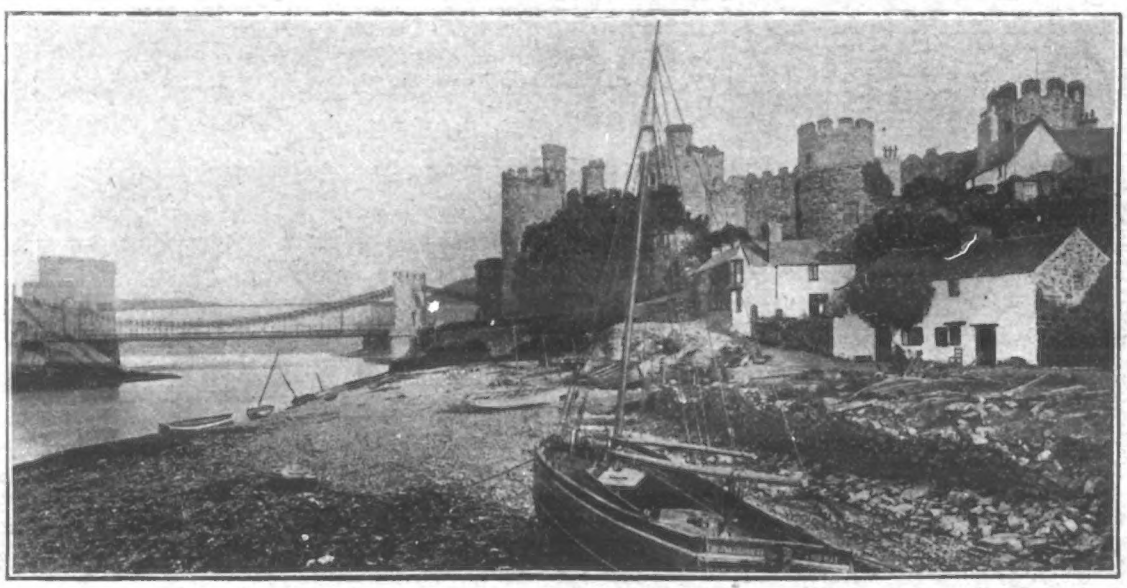
At the Erith and Belvedere Sports a fine entry had been secured. In the one mile invitation race, A. J. Robertson, of the Peterborough A.C., scored a capital win in the fine time of 4min. 27 2-5sec. The half-mile open cycle race was accounted for by F. C. Rowland, Putney A.C., E. H. Flatt, L.A.C., was first home in the 300 yards, and in the half-mile E. F. Carter of the Herne Hill Harriers was successful. Other winners were W. J. Laken (Tobacco Trades' A.C.) two miles walk, and W. H. Colesworthy (Westcombe C.C.) two miles cycle.

P.I.P. IN HOLIDAY-LAND.

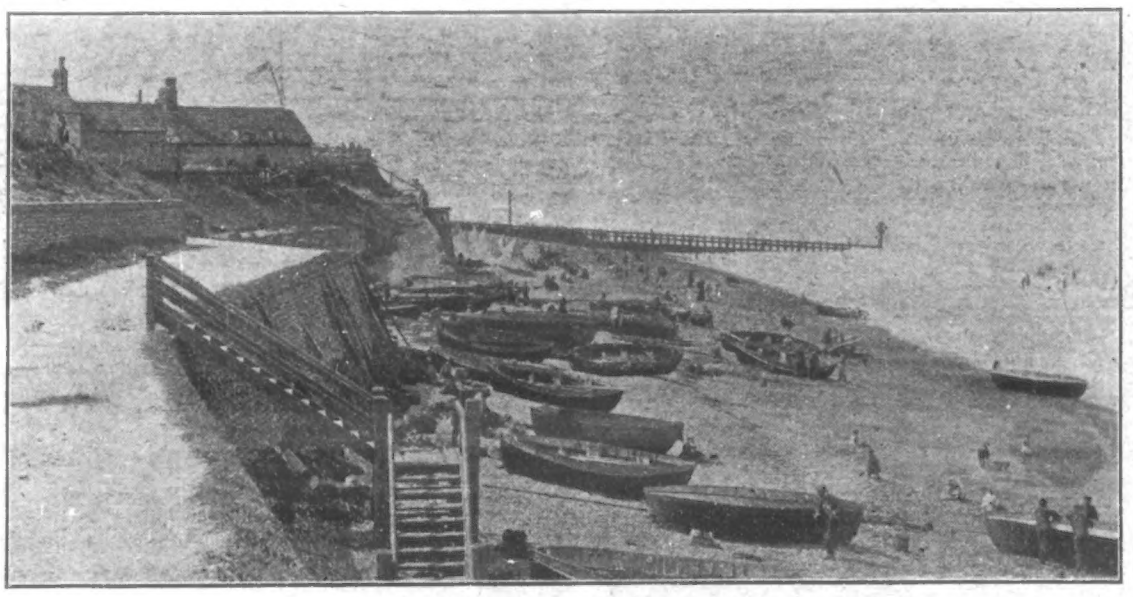
P.I.P. IN HOLIDAY-LAND—GREENORE THE PEACEFUL: St. James' Well, Greenore.



P.I.P. IN HOLIDAY-LAND—GREENORE THE PEACEFUL: Carlingford, Greenore District.



P.I.P. IN HOLIDAY-LAND—WALES: Conway Castle.



P.I.P. IN HOLIDAY-LAND—SHERINGHAM: the picturesque watering place on the lonely Norfolk Coast, a new route to which has been lately opened up by the Great Eastern Railway. As the picture shows, Sheringham is free from the artificial aids that mark the development of popular seaside resorts, and as a consequence attracts the better classes, who find bracing air, charming surrounding country, and excellent golf links Sheringham's main attractions.

WHERE TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

GREENORE THE PEACEFUL.

"I was sick of the ordinary holiday resort," said a brown-faced, healthy-looking man at his club the other week. "I wanted a thorough change. I wanted a place where I could be quiet when I liked, play golf, fish, or swim when I liked, and feel I was in a different world—and I got it," he added in a satisfied voice.

"Where?" asked two or three men.

"At a charming little place in Northern Ireland—Greenore."

"Never heard of it."

Then the happy man explained. To be able to herald the fact that there still remains in our midst what is practically a *terra incognita*—a land unknown, and yet centred amidst scenery of varied beauty which it would be difficult to equal, and almost impossible to surpass—is a rare thing in these days, but it is not surprising that the claims of Greenore, Carlingford Lough, and the Mourne Mountain district to be visited by the tourist are beginning to receive the acknowledgment they richly deserve. Greenore is snugly nestled inside the southern shore of Carlingford Lough, and is the point of arrival and departure of the splendid fast steamers of the London and North-Western Railway Company, which ply daily to and from Holyhead.

The steamers perform the sea passage in four hours. Whilst it is sheltered by the Carlingford Mountains on the one side and the Mourne range of mountains on the other, Greenore is so situated as to be bracing throughout the year. To Carlingford Lough Thackeray's words might well have been applied: "Were such a bay lying on English shores, it would be a world's wonder; or if on the Mediterranean or Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds." But although, as has been stated, this place, and the interesting and attractive country by which it is surrounded, is to many a *terra incognita*, there are others who unfailingly make the district the scene of an annual visit.

The facilities for reaching Greenore are now so considerable, and the comfort and convenience of travellers have been so completely and successfully studied by the London and North-Western Company, that it is safe to predict no great length of time will elapse before Greenore finds itself famous as a place of resort for the tourist, the antiquarian, the mountain climber, the angler, the golfer, and, if he wills it, the man who seeks rest and repose, and at the same time the enjoyment of health-restoring sea breezes.

SKEGNESS.

The lately discovered East Coast Resort now highly favoured by the Londoner.

Of the many cheap facilities which the railway companies are placing at the disposal of the occasional holiday-maker from London, none enjoy a more well-deserved popularity than the half-day, non-stop corridor excursions from King's Cross to Skegness on Sundays and Thursdays.

Each Sunday two luxurious corridor trains are usually utilised to convey the excursionists, the journey in each direction being performed in three hours, thus allowing from five to six hours at this bracing East Coast resort, where are to be found fine sands, as well as safe bathing and boating.

The exceedingly low fare of 3s. is charged for these trips, which works out to about eight miles for a penny.

The Sunday trains leave at 11.30, and those on Thursdays at 11.40 a.m. (the week-day excursion allowing an extra hour at the seaside), and return in good time for the down suburban trains.

The continued support of these trips bears eloquent testimony to their excellent character, and their uninterrupted popularity with the public.

FELIXSTOWE.

The East of England Lawn Tennis Tournaments last week brought a number of visitors to the town, and many have been so pleased with the place that they are extending their sojourn here.

The Ranelagh Gardens continue very popular, a much-appreciated recent innovation being public contests for amateur vocalists.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Preparing for the Shows.

There are a good many little fakements that exhibitors must be up to if they mean to win prizes. Not of necessity are these trimmings and curlings, and plucking of false petals, etc., dishonest. We are quite justified in making an exhibit show at its best. A little oil on the comb of a fowl brightens its face up—gives it a cheerful countenance—so to speak. A tonic pill puts its plumage into a brighter sheen, and a good wash in warm soft water gives it a clean finish. Legs and feet are also to be attended to. As to plucking feathers when they sport or are off colour, that is a questionable matter. Certainly the untrimmed bird would get left if in good company. The prize potato exhibitor may wash his show tubers in milk, and brush them clean with a soft brush. The pea grower may pick his pods off carefully with the scissors and lay them as carefully upon a bed of soft tissue paper so as not to rub off the bloom. He may even measure his prize onions to come up as nearly to the 13in. or 14in. circumference, as evenly as possible. Whether he practises these and many such wrinkles will depend greatly on his determination to win, because he is sure to come against others who are *au fait* in them. If he "runs the countryside," as we have known some keen prize grabbers do, he will get bowled, and serve him right. There was once a certain keen old cove who had only a small garden and not much exhibition stuff there upon whose friendly aid came from far and near. He had been even suspected of ordering a hand bouquet of a neighbourly florist. One day the show committee set themselves to find out whether he grew the fine cauliflowers he was showing. They went to his garden. Sure enough there were several handsome cauliflower plants on the spot, but they looked rather flagged and limp. When pulled at they held firm. One of the committee suggested getting a spade. He did so, and up came the root with a stick through it!

Store Cattle.

I meant to have had a picture this week of a group of Irish stores that I saw upon Norwich market-hill a week or so ago. It will come later. These stores were of the lean and hungry kind, but they had a grow-and-fill-up look about them. Farmers who have grass parks and pastures are buying these stores up quite keenly just now. Autumn stores come at a much higher price. The Irish breeders can make summer beef easily enough, so they keep back as many as they can graze and fatten on their pastures. It is scarcely fair that English and Scottish arable farmers should be tied down thus to "take 'em or leave 'em," as I have heard some of those Irish dealers phrase their meaning to make their price. If Canadian stores could come, I do not believe there would be the least risk in them. I am old enough to remember that most awful scourge which this country ever underwent—the rinderpest. My friends and relatives were all more or less personal losers thereby, and some of them were actually ruined. There was one nice young chap who had only just started farming. He was a cousin of mine, and I was with him when his last animal died! Of course, I was a kiddie, but I well recall the grief and the distress of those days. Yet, as I say now, I don't see any fear of admitting those Canadians. It would be on board ship that disease would break out if ever it should, and I think that inspection, careful sanitation, and a brief quarantine would provide against that risk. Quarantine is the difficulty. Store cattle on board ship must be consuming much of their own fat. They will soon run light if put into pens on shore on this side. Such of them as do get on to the farms sound and well will have had to pay for losses and so forth, so they can never come cheap.

There is another side to this question. This country is quite capable of producing all the store cattle that we require. If every arable farmer and every grazier will fence off a three-acre plot of decent land near to the cottage of each married labourer they employ, and will make those three acres over to those men at an agricultural rent, we shall soon hear the last of the scarcity of stores.

DARBY AND JOAN.

ON THE FARM WEEK BY WEEK: Setting up the stooks in an oat field on an Hertfordshire farm.

The Great Household Cleanser & Purifier.

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Reg. Trade Mark.

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AN INVALUABLE ANTISEPTIC PREPARATION

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MAKES THE BATH A NEW DELIGHT AND LUXURY

STIMULATES THE ACTION OF THE SKIN.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF & GIVES LUSTRE TO THE HAIR

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FOR TENDER FEET IT IS THE BEST OF FOOT BATHS

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

ASSURES PERFECT CLEANLINESS IN THE LAUNDRY

INVALUABLE AS DISINFECTANT AND GERMICIDE.

MAKES LINEN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

PREVENTS THE SHRINKING OF WOOLLENS IN THE WASH.

CLEANS LACES, SILKS & OTHER DELICATE FABRICS

REMOVES GREASE SPOTS & STAINS FROM CLOTHING.

CLEANS & POLISHES SILVER PLATE. GLASS AND CHINA

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That Nylon supplies a real public want is shown by the already great demand, by the praise bestowed upon the new preparation by the Press, and by the recommendation it has had from medical men. Indeed, Nylon recommends itself in every way, and will very soon become a universal household requisite. Nylon is a combination of rare antiseptics with refined ammonia, and every care is bestowed upon its manufacture, only distilled water being used. For the morning or evening bath, for toilet uses, for the nursery, it is simply perfection. A few spoonfuls added to the water in the bath and one comes from the bathroom refreshed, re-invigorated, soothed, and contented, the skin freed from impurities, soft and smooth. Nylon has a wonderful tonic effect upon the skin, stimulating its healthy action as nothing else will, and so acting beneficially upon the entire system. A sprinkling of Nylon in the wash-hand basin water works wonders, the complexion is beautified and radiant with health and freshness. For the hair Nylon is splendid. It removes grease and dandruff, and gives a silkiness and lustre which are truly surprising. The care of the hands is a matter of concern with all refined and elegant persons. Nylon will whiten the hands and make them soft as velvet, while the finger nails are perceptibly improved. Nylon removes all traces of chafing, allays irritation, and has a wonderfully soothing effect on inflamed surfaces. Used in the foot-bath Nylon gives welcome relief. Indeed, Nylon used in the bath, or for the toilet after fatiguing outdoor exercises, after travelling, or after a day's strenuous work, is a real luxury.

2.—ITS HOUSEHOLD USES.

The household uses to which Nylon is put are legion. As an antiseptic, disinfectant, germicide; as a cleanser and purifier without equal, Nylon sweetens everything it touches. It makes the house clean from top to bottom. It removes dirt, dust, impurities, and bad odours from attic to cellar. The housemaid armed with a duster and broom, and with a pail of water to which Nylon is added, can do wonders in banishing dirt, stains, grease spots, etc., from everything, and can do with very little soap in the process. A bright kitchen and a clean scullery are as important as a spotless parlour. It is good to breathe the atmosphere of any apartment where Nylon has been used. It is like ozone. For scrubbing floors and cupboards, for cleaning painted walls, linoleum, oilcloth, for removing stains from marble, for cleaning windows and mirrors, for "washing up" the dishes and plates after meals, "Nylon is just the thing." Meanwhile, the lady of the house will find it perfection for cleaning and renovating lace, silks and other delicate fabrics, for polishing jewellery and cleaning plate, old china, &c., &c. There is no end to the uses of Nylon. The laundry itself is disinfected and sweetened, while the clothes, &c., are washed better and quicker when a little Nylon is added to the water. And it saves soap as well as time and labour. It makes the linen white as snow, and is admirable for washing woollens. For all sanitary purposes use Nylon. Sanitary authorities and doctors recommend it.

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THE GREAT PLOT.

BY

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXIX.—*(Continued).*

At the Inquest.

"Did you, when you served the deceased with the lace, notice that she wore any peculiar piece of jewellery?"

"Yes, sir. While in the shop she removed her fur boa, as many ladies are in the habit of doing, and I noticed that at her throat was an ornament of a character such as I had never seen before. It was shaped like two crosses, and in the centre was a piece of ordinary-looking grey stone, round and unpolished."

"Anyone in the shop could, of course, see this?"

"Yes, sir. She did not put on her boa until she left."

No further question was asked, and the witness retired.

Then the Coroner, in summing up, addressed the jury, saying:

"I think, gentlemen, in this case we have taken every particle of available evidence, and we have before us a pretty clear story of how the young lady spent the intervening hours between the time her father left her and the discovery of the tragedy. That a brutal and deliberate murder was committed it is impossible to doubt. There are, however, many features in the case that are at once remarkable and extraordinary. We have it that the deceased's elder sister was mysteriously murdered a couple of hours after her marriage, even before the wedding breakfast was finished. I expect, gentlemen, you all, like myself, remember reading the case in the papers at the time. It was certainly very mysterious, and the mystery has been rendered tenfold more inscrutable by this second assassination in the same family. Now," he went on after a moment's pause, "as regards motive! To be exact, there appears an utter absence of motive in both cases. Whether, in the case we have under inquiry, the motive was the theft of the curious jewel which the deceased was wearing is a matter for the police to decide. This point must be left in the hands of the Criminal Investigation Department. We are not here as a police tribunal. Our duty is to decide whether the deceased met with her death by fair means or by foul. The answer to that question is obvious. The young lady was secretly murdered, and by someone who went about the business in an expert manner. No inquiry was made at the hotel bureau as to the number of Miss Milbourne's room, because the murderer had, by some means as yet unknown to us, already satisfied himself of it. Undoubtedly he watched her alight from the cab and ascend in the lift, then, after the lapse of a short time, followed her up and tapped at the door. As you know, there are many messenger boys about this and other hotels who tap at visitors' doors several times a day: it was but natural that the occupant of the room should open it. No doubt she did open it. What then transpired will never be known. All we are aware of is that she was strangled with the lace cut from her own corsets, which was produced here in court on the last occasion. Well, gentlemen, in such circumstances, I think you can arrive at but one verdict—and that unanimously. If you consider that Miss Milbourne was murdered by some person unknown, then it is your duty to say so, and to leave all further inquiries in the hands of the police."

A dead silence followed this speech.

Then the foreman, after consulting with his colleagues for a few moments in undertones, said:

"We have no need to retire, sir. We are quite unanimous in our verdict that the deceased was murdered by some person unknown. And we desire to express a hope that the police will prosecute every inquiry in order to solve the mystery."

"Very well, gentlemen. That is your verdict, and I will see that the expression of your wishes is forwarded to the proper quarter."

Then the Coroner wrote the verdict for the foreman of the jury to sign, and five minutes later the court of inquiry broke up.

CHAPTER XXX.

"You Dare not Tell the Truth!"

It was summer by the sea.

Three months had elapsed since the tragic death of poor Ethel and the abortive finding of the coroner's jury. Warren and his assistants had been ubiquitous everywhere, but no trace of a clue to the identity of the assassin had been found.

Hubert himself was deeply puzzled. The theft of that jewel which the girl had worn made it clear to him that she had met her death at the hand of no ordinary assassin. The police had, of course, formed an elaborate theory regarding the robbery, but Hutton entertained a very different opinion. It was certainly a very remarkable combination of circumstances that he should have been mixed up with the death of both the girls, and he himself knew that in certain quarters he was regarded with considerable suspicion. Happily, however, this belief was not shared by the Milbournes or by Sylvia; hence he had now grown to be very intimate with the unfortunate family.

Soon after this second blow had fallen the old Squire sold the Manor to a London stockbroker who wanted a country house, and, storing the furniture, started with his wife and daughter to Eastbourne, where they intended spending the summer amid fresh surroundings.

In order to be near them, Hubert also went to Eastbourne, and took apartments in the same row of houses, facing the Esplanade.

Thus, almost constantly in the company of the Squire, his wife and daughter, Hutton passed the summer days and evenings very pleasantly. He had not returned to Paris. Occasionally he received a letter from Dolores, a gossiping screed, telling him of what was doing in Dinard, where she had gone for the hot weather, and once he had received a letter from Pauline Lomonseff. It was hot in Paris, the girl wrote, and terribly so in the high up atelier where she worked. He was somewhat surprised at receiving news of her from Paris, for it showed that she and her father had not heeded his warning, and still remained in the French capital.

Dolores, however, had never mentioned her in her letters, which were quite friendly and always expressed a hope that Hutton would return before long. But he congratulated himself upon his escape from her, and more than ever found himself in love with Sylvia, who was now his almost constant companion, chaperoned, of course, by her prematurely aged mother in deep mourning.

One August evening, however, he found himself walking alone with her along that extension of the Esplanade that runs past the Wish Tower in the direction of Beachy Head. The evening was warm and balmy, with a faint westerly breeze, but the sea was almost waveless, and broke upon the beach with that low rhythmic soughing which is the sea's peculiar charm. In the fading light they were walking together, their faces set towards the crimson afterglow that shone far over the western sea, beyond the high, grey headland, whereon already the warning light was flashing forth its signal to the toilers of the world's great waterway.

Hutton had spoken but little from the time they had left the house, and his pretty companion saw that he was thinking and preoccupied. She looked charming in her white summer gown trimmed, alas! with black, in mourning for her sisters. But black suited her. It does some women.

They had walked nearly a mile when, after some desultory conversation, Hubert turned to her suddenly and said in a low, earnest voice:

"Sylvia, to-night I have brought you out here where we can be alone, because I want to speak to you. I want to tell you something."

She regarded him with some surprise.

"Do you?" she asked. "What is it?"

"I want to tell you something that for months I've longed to tell you—a secret."

"A secret?" she exclaimed, instantly interested.

"Yes; the secret of my heart, Sylvia. I love you."

"Oh, Mr. Hutton!" cried the girl, quite taken by surprise. "I—I really think we ought not to discuss that."

"But we must discuss it," he went on, with quick impetuosity. "I love you, Sylvia. I love you with all my heart and all my soul."

She said nothing. He had grasped her small gloved hand, and he felt it trembling. There was a manly tenderness in his behaviour towards her, as far removed from the usual lover-like adulation as it was deeper in its springs and dearer perhaps to her heart—manly, for that same tenderness, the very exhalation of true heart-love, is an attribute that never does emanate from the vain, selfish egotist or the careless man-of-the-world.

They slackened their pace, but neither spoke. Her heart was full.

To describe scene by scene how the firm friendship had sprung up between the pair is superfluous. Amid the gay cosmopolitan world in which Hubert had lived he had been fascinated by many brilliant women. But during the past few months of his life, far moved from the frivolities of his own set in Paris, he had soon become sensible of how much of his leisure was in reality filled up by conversation with Sylvia Milbourne. Some mysterious affinity of feeling and opinion seemed to have drawn them together from the first, and yet there were two or three of the attributes against which he had entertained a positive prejudice. For instance, he had always thought politics quite out of the scope of a woman's reasoning, yet when he found Sylvia's mind familiar with the great truths of humanity—those truths to the exposition of which his ardent yet half-secret ambition lured him—the earnestness of life and the thousand topics which must branch from such conclusions, he could not but acknowledge, though not without surprise, that her sympathy and companionship were none the less delightful because she was a woman.

She had, too, a trick of appealing to him for information, and throwing herself on his forbearance in that pretty confiding feminine manner that is by no means without its fascination.

Hubert Hutton knew that he stood between a good and an evil genius. Until that hour he had always looked upon love as an episode in a man's life, and one that should only be indulged in on a proper occasion.

"Sylvia," he said in a low voice at last, "have you no word in reply?"

Her eyes were downcast, and in them he saw the light of unshed tears. The little hand again trembled, but she did not answer.

"I know I'm unworthy of you, Sylvia," he went on in his abrupt way. "Probably you have no confidence in me because you know the reckless life I've led—the life of a wanderer. And why did I become a wanderer? Because I have never, until now, known a good honest woman who could have made me happy and held influence over me.

"You, Sylvia," he went on, "are different from them all. Perhaps I ought not to speak to you as I am speaking, for my financial position is at present crippled by extravagances. Still, what I say comes from my very heart. I have grown to love and adore you in a manner which surprises even myself. I love you like no other man can, and so intense and deep is my affection that, if you tell me you can never reciprocate it, I shall go away, still loving you until my last hour. I am not a man who falls at the feet of every pretty woman he meets. No; I have had a long and varied experience of the world, and it has taught me to shun women rather than to love them. But I love you, Sylvia—I love you!" he cried earnestly, reverently raising her gloved hand to his lips. "Speak to me."

They were entirely alone, far from the town, with no one to observe them.

"Ah!" she sighed, pressing her hands to her breast as if to still her heart's wild beating, then covered her face with them.

"The first love of ignorant youth is always faint and flickering," he said in the same low, intense tone. "It is the last love which is *destiny!*"

"Then it is my destiny to love you," she murmured in faltering tones.

"Yes," he cried; "but do you love me, Sylvia? Tell me. Don't keep me longer in suspense: You cannot know how I suffer by this silence."

For a moment she said nothing. They had halted, and he was standing by her with his hand placed tenderly upon her shoulder.

Hubert Hutton gazed at her, but mingling with his admiration a feeling almost of awe crept over him. She seemed something above himself—even beyond his comprehension; yet when an instant later her eyes met his, a light of faith and trust, almost of gladness, shone from them, which was more divine than that of any earthly hope.

Again he repeated the question:

"Sylvia, can you ever feel a spark of love for me?"

And as at last a convulsive sob shook her slight frame and she burst into tears, she faltered:

"Hubert, I—I do love you!"

He drew her to him, and there, with the last soft glow of the dying day lighting up her cheeks, he poured forth the story of his affections, and promised that she should ever be his until death parted them.

(To be continued.)

Drawn by Lawson Wood.

"WHAT IS ONE AMONG SO MANY?" The Breadwinner.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I hope you still find time to read the morning papers while you are away on your holidays. You really ought to do so, because this is quite the most interesting time of the year from the newspaper-reader's point of view. In every daily paper in the land clever people are discussing problems of vital importance and of supreme interest for which, unfortunately, no space can be found at those times of the year when the Houses of Parliament are sitting.

Only a few years ago the months of August and September used to be generally known in the newspaper world as the "silly season," and there was plenty of justification for it. Foolish people with a craze for a little cheap notoriety used to write to the papers to say that they had just seen the sea-serpent, or that they had raised a giant gooseberry, or something equally foolish, and the papers used to print their effusions.

But, nowadays, we have altered all that. The columns of the leading daily papers are filled with correspondence on subjects of real interest largely contributed by well-known writers of the day. Amongst the problems now being discussed in the London papers are "The Bitter Cry of the Middle Classes," "Are We Becoming Less Religious?" "Are We Growing Less Polite?" "Are We too Squeamish?" "Does Love Spoil Men's Work?" "Does Woman Help?" "What Should a Wife Spend on Dress?" "Grumbling Husbands," "Dreams and Visions," and many other topics.

The question whether love spoils men's work was raised in the *Daily Express* owing to the fact that the Haywards Heath Football Club has refused to reappoint Mr. J. W. Jennings to the position of secretary. One of the main arguments of his opponents was expressed at the meeting which made the decision by Mr. Harry Jerred, who bluntly put it: "He's in love," and Mr. Jennings's father was selected in his stead, and from this decision it would appear that courting is considered a bar alike to handling the business side of a club and playing the game.

Mr. Jennings seems to be of this opinion himself, for he says: "You can't really do the two things properly. A man's best impulses always lie in the direction of his heart. Football always demands whole-souled concentration, and so does football business. I can quite understand how, when a man is in love, he will charge with less precision and energy than he ought to do. His thoughts grow tender. Courting has a distinctly humanising effect."

Many people, on the other hand, repudiate this theory altogether. Mr. John Lewis, the well-known draper of Oxford Street, believes that marriage certainly improves a man's work. He says: "We always like our men here to be married. They are better and more conscientious in their work. They look upon life more seriously, because they have their wives, and perhaps children, to keep. They are ambitious to get on for their sakes, and steady because of them. A man who is engaged will work better than the fellow whose affections are not tied."

Of course, in this matter, very much depends on the wife. I think English women should take more interest in their husband's business than they do. Women are generally far more shrewd than men, and many a wife, in talking over her husband's business affairs with him of an evening could give him hints and ideas which would prove most valuable. Mrs. Rawls Reader, the world's greatest business woman, points out that the impenetrable reserve which exists between an Englishman and his wife, so far as business matters are concerned, results in the former being torn at times between his love and his work, one or the other of which must sometimes be neglected. "My husband and I are business partners and sweethearts," she said. "I cannot imagine how a woman can marry a man and not be part of his everyday life. I know that it is not possible for every woman to take an active part in her husband's business, but with tact and understanding she can be interested and sympathetic. Love could never spoil men's work then."

The trouble is that so many Englishmen will not allow their wives to know anything about their work. They put on superior airs and say: "You would not understand it, dear," whenever they are asked questions. That is all nonsense. The average woman can grasp the main bearings of most ordinary subjects about five times as quickly as a man. Watch a woman trying to make a man talk at a tea-party. You will find that she is "talking down to him" nearly all the time.

The trouble with woman is, perhaps, that she is too impulsive. A man carefully draws deductions from the facts with which he is dealing. A woman never does. She jumps at conclusions. But it very often happens that she just strikes the particularly vital truth that had entirely escaped the slower-witted man. Next time you are in a business difficulty ask your wife for her advice. You needn't follow it.

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Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A CADET CAMP: The young marksmen preparing a meal.

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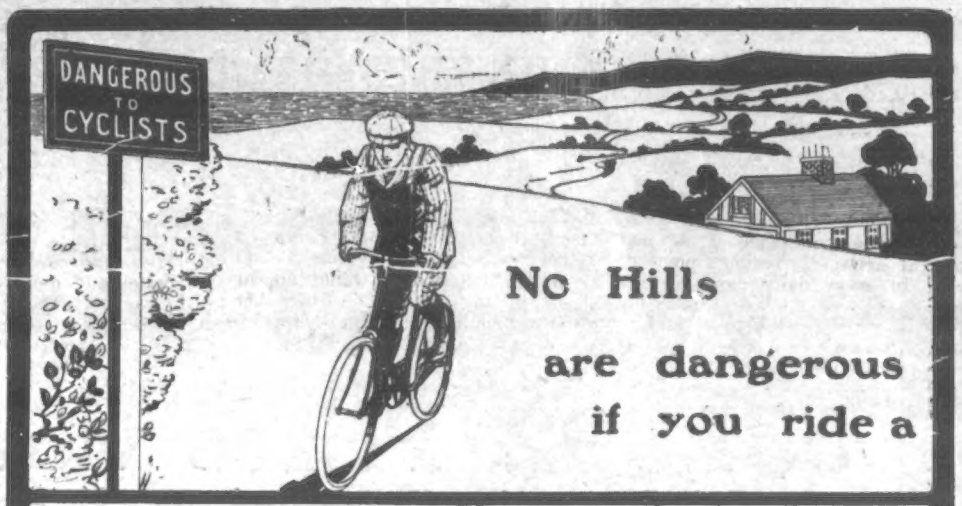

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INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND RAPIDLY CURE GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, AND ALL PAINS IN THE HEAD, FACE, AND LIMBS.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

AFTER ONE DOSE.
"I was better after the first dose."—W. West, Cheveley-road, Newmarket, April 11th, 1904.

SURPRISED THE DOCTOR!
"His recovery surprised the doctor."—J. New, Southampton, Pa, U.S.A., April 27th, 1905.

MY WIFE WAS QUITE CURED!!
"In two or three days after taking your Pills, my wife was quite cured."—A. Ford, 20 Rutland Street, S.W.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS

Are sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or sent post free for Postal Order by the Proprietor, GEORGE EADE, 232 Goswell Road, E.C.

ARE YOU THIN?

If you want to add flesh, be made plump and rosy, gain strength and beauty in one month, send for our 60-page book, Free, and enclose stamp to pay postage.
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Celandine.

Certain Cure for Corns

Celandine is easily applied, and positively Cures Corns in a week. F. Hurrell, Esq., Chelmsford, writes: "Celandine removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ." Sold in bottles, 1/- ea., by Chemists. Sent post free under cover for 14 stamps by Chave & Jackson, Chemists Hereford. Refuse Imitations. Thousands of Testimonials.

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Study your baby's comfort and health and get a "Court Royal." These lovely Baby Cars supplied direct from our factory from 4- monthly, packed free and carriage paid. We save you all shop profits. Magnificent Catalogues free.

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"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

(*Gordon's original phrase.*)

A Valuable Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Mental Depression, Exhausted Vitality, Generative Weakness and Debility in Men; their Cause, and Cure.

This book not only contains valuable remarks on how to preserve Strength and retain the Powers to an advance I age, but points out the best means of creating Nerve Force, restoring Vitality and imparting new Life and Strength to the whole body and Nervous System, and will especially interest those who wish to fit themselves for business, study, or marriage. This brief work is the only one that contains any sensible advice to the inexperienced, and to all young and middle-aged men will not only prove instructive, but a valuable safeguard. Sent sealed on receipt of four penny stamps to any address, by CHARLES GORDON, No. 6, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

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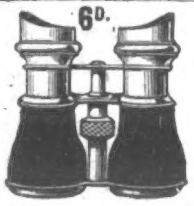
Don't pay a fancy Shop Price, buy a "ROYAL EAGLE" direct from Factory. Shopkeepers' profit saved. Prices from 35/- or 4/- monthly. Send for Art Catalogue. All Cars Carriage Paid.
COVENTRY EAGLE CARRIAGE CO., Dept. A 6, COVENTRY.

FOR the HOLIDAYS A 50/- GLASS for 12/6

sent on receipt of **6d.**

6D.



Magnificent Race, Field, or Theatre Glass, fitted clear POWERFUL LENSES; 30-mile Range; nickel silver eye-shades and slides. Covered Real Calf, with leather sling Case to match. Sent on receipt of 6d. and 4 stamps for postage. When received, if satisfactory, you send 1/- more and 1/- weekly until 12/6 is paid. **FREE:** A handsome Silver-mounted Briar Pipe, in case, is given to all sending full cash with order or balance in 7 days.—McCarthy & Co. (Dept. 55), 44 Archway Road, London, N.

15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 25/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.
MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

EIFFEL TOWER

There is ONE real thirst quencher, and that the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade. It makes you cool and keeps you comfortable. Try a 4½d. bottle and make Two Gallons of the finest refresher on the face of the earth.

LEMONADE

AWFUL GOOD.

SAVE EIFFEL TOWER LABELS FOR 10/6 PICTURE, FREE.

EIFFEL TOWER MILK PUDDING

It is well to remember, especially in an emergency, that a 1d. packet of Eiffel Tower Milk Pudding makes a delicious milk pudding in 10 minutes. Served with Stewed Fruits of any kind it is excellent. It is nourishing, the children like it, and want more. It is good for them. Try a 1d. packet to-day.

MADE IN TEN MINUTES

Served hot it is delicious.

Sold by all Grocers and Corn Dealers in 1d. and 5½d. (equal to eight 1d.) packets.

SAVE EIFFEL TOWER LABELS FOR 10/6 PICTURE FREE.

A QUICK DISH FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

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Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

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To Those About To Marry.—If you want to furnish your home well and economically you should send 1s. 2d. to the Publisher (H. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for a handbook entitled SMALL HOMES AND HOW TO FURNISH THEM.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford Street, London, W. (Est. 100 years.)

Ladies' High class, Second-hand **Clothing.** Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

Photo Post-cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

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ART PHOTOS

Paris Salon Pictures, Classical Undraped Figures, Artists' Life Studies, Actresses, Statuary Views.

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Approval packets are sent for selection to responsible Buyers on their stating their profession or occupation.

Catalogue, 3d. post free, or with specimen quarto, 1s., post free.

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(Established 1876).
Velasquez Terrace, 116 Bedford Hill, Balham Station, London, S.W.

For More Than Twenty Years

DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS

have been universally admitted to be a BOON TO WOMANKIND. They are the best-known Remedy for Anæmia, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Loss of Appetite, Hysteria, Palpitation of the Heart, Debility, Depression, Weakness, and all Female Ailments. Boxes, 9½d., 1/1½, 2 9, 4/6, and 11/-. May be had from Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or from the PROPRIETOR (only address), 309 Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W.

DR. DAVIS'S invaluable little book SENT FREE on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

WATSON'S NEWS

531,992 Prizes worth over £126,000 to be given to users of Watson's Soaps

Our last Success On June the 30th our last competition closed. We promised 220,000 prizes, but the appreciation shown for our soaps and our competition was so great as to call for nearly 100,000 additional prizes!

We have now actually despatched over 300,000 gifts. This means that practically every twentieth home in the country is the richer by one of Watson's Gifts.

300,000 Prizes We bought only the best of everything.

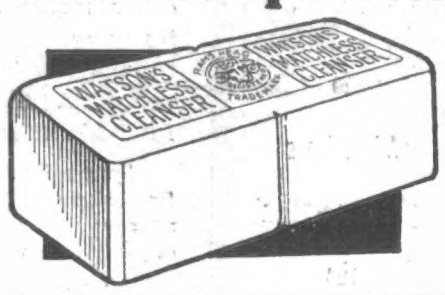
There were cash prizes from £50, something like twenty tons of precious metal ranging from gold and silver to tin; thousands of silver-plated cream jugs, teapots, coffee-pots, tens of thousands of blankets, blouses, umbrellas, shawls, dress lengths; train loads of splendid sewing machines—in short, over 300,000 articles, every one well calculated to please its recipient.

Watson's Wrappers The wrappers alone from Watson's three Prize Soaps won all these gifts.

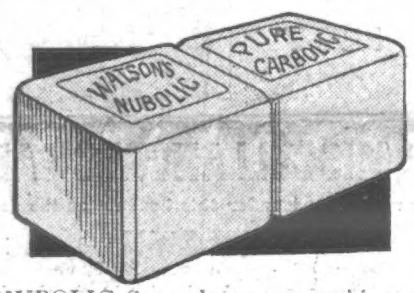
Beyond the actual postage on your wrappers the prizes have not cost you or any competitor a penny piece. We told you that wrappers from Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla were valuable; we counselled you to save them. To-day over 300,000 people are glad they took our advice!

Don't miss next time If you let our last great distribution slip by, let there be no mistake about the next one. If you don't yet know how Watson's Prize Soaps can help you, there's a big surprise in store for you. Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla are the three most economical, labour-saving, and valuable home-helpers obtainable.

These Soaps Help



WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER is a bargain every way. A full pound costs 3d. Try it next washing day. Everything that can be cleansed Watson's Matchless Cleanser cleanses faultlessly, and absolutely without injury. Save all the wrappers.



NUBOLIC Soap cleanses everything, and disinfects all it cleanses. Use Nubolic freely — it refreshes and invigorates. It prevents infection and saves doctor's bills. In sick rooms, bedrooms, pantries, sculleries, lavatories use Nubolic Soap. Tablets, 3d. (full lb.) and 2½d. Save all the wrappers.

SPARKLA brightens things — to stay bright. Rusty metal work, dingy looking pots and pans, shine with all their original brilliance when Sparkla gets to work. Motorists, machinists, artisans, will all find Sparkla exceedingly useful. Sparkla removes obstinate stains from the hands. Tablets 1d. everywhere. Save all the wrappers.

Send to-day for full list of prizes and all particulars, free from

Jos. Watson & Sons, Ltd.,
Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.
LONDON OFFICES: 110 CANNON STREET, E.C.

Our 1907 Scheme Until now the immensity of our last scheme held world's record. The enthusiastic appreciation of users of Watson's soaps has determined us to beat that record—outright.

Nothing like our present distribution has ever before been attempted in the world's business history. We now offer you 531,992 prizes, worth at least £126,000! Just save your wrappers.

Start To-day Start saving them to-day! The wisdom and profit of it will come home to you in the shape of one of our valuable prizes.

Somebody is going to win those £100 and other banknotes, somebody will get those £50 pianos, somebody will win the £20 organs, the thousands of splendid sewing machines, watches, tea and coffee services, dressing cases, silk blouses, cases of cutlery. Be a "somebody"!

Nothing to Lose You have nothing to lose by participating. Not a penny is to be sent to us, nothing but the wrappers from any or all of Watson's Prize Soaps. Even thirty wrappers guarantees you a prize. Prizes are sent free to your door.

Every single prize is at least of the value we claim it to be; in the great majority of cases the prizes are worth considerably more.

Much to Gain First, there is your share of this half million presents. Then there is the satisfaction of dealing with a firm established over half a century—a firm who will honestly fulfil every promise they make.

But, chiefly, there is the value of the soaps themselves. If Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla could possibly be made better we should make them so. They will save your health, your labour, and your money.

A page of profit for you!